

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1857.

## LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.\*

BY E. THOMSON, D. D.

ONE of the most favorable signs of the times is the progress of virtuous education among us. This is seen not only in our common schools and higher educational institutions, but in the tendency of our adult population to a more thorough self-education and illumination. As a result of this tendency, we see associations for literary purposes are springing up in all our cities and villages, and even in our rural districts. Such institutions have not yet effected much, but they are in an incipient state. We can hardly yet estimate their ultimate importance. By popular lectureships, by the opening of reading-rooms, by the establishment of libraries, and by the cultivation of thought and style in composition, declamation, and criticism, they are destined to awaken and train the public mind.

At present the tendency seems to be to direct the chief attention to popular lectures. They are undoubtedly useful. By bringing the best minds of the country in direct contact with our youth, they impart to them a good style of thinking, expression, and delivery. They also convey much useful knowledge, and sharpen the appetite for more, while they point the way by which it may be attained. They serve also to encourage the young to aim at greatness. Great men loom upon the imagination, especially of youth, who see them as through an intellectual mirage. But when they approach us the illusion vanishes; we regard them as men of like weaknesses with ourselves, and begin to realize that what they have accomplished we may too. The negative advantages of popular lectures ought not to be over-

looked; they divert attention from frivolous, idle, and often sinful amusements. Young people will meet together; this is natural; it is right—let us have no asceticism, no austerity among us—if they do not come together for rational, improving, and dignified amusements, they will for those of a different kind. Is not the Church in this land greatly at fault in this matter? Pastors, sometimes, while they utter their anathemas against theaters, card-playing, dancing, etc., take no pains to suggest substitutes for them; they ridicule the contemptible amusements and sinful extravagance of social parties, but offer no plans for more profitable and not less animating modes of spending time. Parents forgetting the change which has passed upon themselves, complain of the inclination of their children to society, hilarity, and mirth. They should remember that the social element of our nature is ineradicable and indispensable, and that they should not attempt to conquer it, but to direct and regulate it. Children are often less to blame than parents for their vain and sinful methods of spending time. These literary associations should receive the attention, encouragement, and guidance of the Church. Alas! it is to be feared they do not. An association calls upon a reputable Presbyterian minister to deliver a lecture, hoping to enlist the assistance of the denomination—feeling sure that, at least, *they* will attend his lecture. In both respects perhaps they are disappointed. They next call upon a Baptist minister or lawyer, in hope to enlist the members of that Church. The evening comes, and the speaker comes, but the members do not. The society is discouraged—perhaps finding that the receipts of the evening do not pay the expenses of the hall. The speaker is discouraged—he had, may be, labored a month upon his discourse, and was confident that it was worthy to be listened to, and that it would promote the best interests of the people for whom it was designed. The asso-

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ciation, with true honor and generosity, tax themselves to be magnanimous to the stranger—for young men are the last to be mean—and after another experiment or two of the same kind, with a like result, they cease to inquire who can deliver us a *useful* lecture; but who will *draw*? They send for some man who is notorious, either a politician, lecturer, or reformer, without asking themselves whether he will deliver truth or error, for they must have success and money. It very frequently happens, under such a policy, that very unsuitable selections are made; for in this wicked world error is often popular, and curiosity overcomes repugnance to bad men, even in the breasts of the good. Hence we find that our literary associations are, in many cases, the means of proclaiming, unintentionally and insidiously, the Pantheism, Deism, and atheism of the age, and in a style which, though attractive to the mass, is no model for youth. The Churches are surprised and alarmed; but why should they be? it is the natural result of their own negligence. There are other causes which tend to bring into disrepute the system of popular lectures. One is the expense of it. When you call a man from a neighboring county or state, you must, of course, expect to pay his expenses, and not merely his traveling expenses computed on the shortest route, allowing him one meal a day, but also those extra expenses which a gentleman is subjected to when abroad, both on his way and at his home. Nor is this all—it is unreasonable to overlook the wear and tear of body, mind, and soul, which the preparation and delivery of the lecture and the journey of the lecturer must occasion. It is true, that where a lecturer has a line of appointments on some highway, a compensation such as we should bestow for a single lecture, would afford him unreasonable profits. And this is now fast becoming the case; our popular lecturers prepare a couple of lectures, and deliver them all through the land, receiving at each delivery about fifty dollars, making profits at which we may well complain, and imparting knowledge by no means proportionate. Indeed, the plan of popular lectures, under any system, is a dear method of getting information. Suppose you have a lecture every week for six months, for which you pay fifty dollars—the aggregate amount will be one thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars; a sum which, if judiciously expended in books, would make a library that might enlighten the community five hundred years after the lecturer shall have passed to his account. This objection would not have the same force, if the lectures constituted a systematic course on some important

branch of knowledge; such as natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, law, or political economy. This is the plan adopted by similar associations in the old world, and I predict that it will soon be adopted in the new—the itinerant system of scattering light will give place to a more settled ministry and permanent pastorate of science, which will place the merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, and farmers, nearly upon a level in respect of literary advantages with the student of a college. They will not, indeed, have the same *drilling*, nor the same *system* of instruction; but such of them as have genius and leisure, will supply by their own meditations the want of these advantages; while others will not fail to receive large, useful, and practical views of the subjects discussed—such as the extent, the mechanism, and the general laws of the universe. A very great error prevails among the masses, and it is too often countenanced by the learned. It is expressed by Pope in the couplet,

“A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

Though superficial knowledge may be dangerous, it is not so dangerous as ignorance—moonlight, or even starlight, will guide us better than total darkness. I hold that no man can listen to a well-written lecture on a useful topic without being benefited, even though he should never hear another. He is profited by the habit of thought which it begets, by the stimulus it imparts to his mind, by the insensible influence which it exerts upon his style, and by the aspiration after something higher which it is sure to inspire. Nor will he who has taken a draught of the fascinating water be unlikely to revisit the spring. Popular lectures in regular courses on historical and philosophical subjects, though they might not make the community historians or philosophers, would tend vastly to their enlightenment and elevation.

In this view a literary hall is of unspeakable service; it not only gives the association a “local habitation and a name,” but furnishes facilities to preserve the necessary instruments and materials for illustration.

Another mode by which such associations may promote the public interests is the opening of a reading-room, where the current periodicals, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, can be accessible to the young. This, doubtless, will involve some expense, but it will be small when divided among those who should reap its advantages, and very small when compared with the sums often expended on foolish and sinful pleasures. The sum

usually spent on a dance, or a sleigh-ride, would be sufficient to procure you access to all the important periodicals of the Union for a year.

The youth of the village will either spend their winter evenings in rational and improving pursuits, or in irrational and injurious ones. There are many close and severe students who may discourage a resort to reading-rooms, and descant eloquently upon the superiority of mathematics, or language, to train the mind, but the question we are discussing is a practical one. I agree with them, that, for mental discipline, the subjects just named are the best; but the youth of whom we speak, if they were restrained from the reading-room, would not be likely to resort to them. The question is, whether we shall have them read periodicals or read nothing, or read books pernicious. My own conviction is, that the newspaper, the common newspaper of the country, with all the objections that may justly be brought against it, especially in times of political excitement, is the great enlightener and civilizer of America. He who reads newspapers during spare hours, will soon form a taste for reading, and find the newspaper a necessity—and then he will find other necessities; when he reads the foreign news, he will find it necessary to refer to geography, which he will do with an interest that will be revived and deepened from week to week; when he reads of markets and river news, he will often be led to study the laws of commerce and agriculture; when he reads of politics, he will feel compelled to study history, first American, then foreign, both modern and ancient; when he reads poetry, his heart and imagination will be excited—hence, he may be led to Shakspeare and Milton, which may so powerfully excite him that he may be induced to study Reed, Stewart, and others, on the philosophy of the human mind, in order that he may understand the principles upon which the poets proceed; the editorials, especially such as were sharp and ringing, on whichever side in politics, will set his blood in motion. The taste for study thus formed, will attend him through life. The newspaper is the great educator of our Irish and German population. You can not get them into our schools and churches, but you can enlist them in politics, and when they are enlisted in politics, they can easily be induced to read the papers; thus they can be enlightened and enticed to read books; and the habit once formed, there is no telling to what extent it may be carried. I would that we had a reading-room for all our population. A reading-room once established, will sooner or later be followed by a public library, which will be as a perennial

fountain of knowledge, such as you could not otherwise have. By combining the private libraries of a village, you would scarcely gain much. Fashion regulates our purchases of books, as of clothing and furniture. Hence, as you pass from house to house, you find the same books, with little variation, both on the center-tables and on the shelves of the family library. In purchasing a library we avoid the more common books, and buy the rare and standard ones. The importance of public libraries can hardly be overestimated. Dr. Franklin, our wisest philosopher, expressed his estimate of the measure by founding a library in the city of Philadelphia—an institution which would immortalize his name if there were nothing else to do so. Mr. Astor, of New York, under the influence of such men as Dr. Cogswell and Washington Irving, has rendered himself immortal in the same way. But for this act, he would have been remembered for a few years only as a miserable millionaire, and then have been forgotten by the world. As it is, he is a permanent benefactor of the city of New York—indeed, of the whole country. Without such libraries we should produce but a limited amount of the more valuable and standard books. An author who writes on either historical or philosophical subjects, must have reference to works too rare and too little needed for general use, to be found in private libraries. Libraries not only increase intelligence and stimulate authorship, but tend to elevate the professions; they facilitate, and thus encourage research and thoroughness among lawyers, doctors, and divines.

The great fountain of legal knowledge is the civil law, the principles of which have been gradually incorporated by the great English lawyers into the common law, and which more or less imperceptibly or ostensibly influence the statutes and decisions of all civilized nations. By it, as a great Frenchman has said, Rome still rules the world by her reason, although she has ceased to rule it by her authority. As a source of information, a matter of curiosity, or a means of mental discipline, it is of unspeakable service to the profession. But it is too expensive and too voluminous to be looked for in a lawyer's private library; and it may be well doubted whether there is a single copy, either of the Theodosian or of the Justinian code, in more than one or two counties in the state. I mean, of course, not merely the institutes, but the whole *corpus juris civilis*, including pandects and constitutions, new and old. This, you know, is in the Latin tongue; and if it were accessible, you perceive what an inducement it would afford the profession to cultivate that



beautiful language, which is not only the key to law, but to the most elegant literature of the world. This inducement would not only operate upon the more learned and ambitious of the professions, but through them upon all others; for who would be willing to hear the civil law quoted against his cause without being able to read the quotation and ascertain for himself its import; and what judge, who knew that the Justinian code was likely to be quoted in a case that he was to try, would not prepare himself to examine and judge of the bearing of the quotation?

What the civil law is to the lawyer, so in great measure is the canon law to the ecclesiastic, especially when sitting in an ecclesiastical court; but where is the clerical library that contains it? In this country we are destined to have a long and fearful battle between Protestantism and Romanism. Are we prepared for it? Have we the original sources of information, the great fountains of ecclesiastical history, Roman and Protestant, such as the *Centuriatores Magdebergensis*, the work of Baronius and Reynaldus, the History of the Councils, and the Bulls of the Popes? It is not to be expected that these can be possessed by a private clergyman, yet they should be accessible to him.

It is well known that in the days of the great physicians, both ancient and modern, such as Galen, Boerhaave, and Sydenham, the Latin language was the universal medium of professional and scientific knowledge. No physician wrote in his vernacular, but in the Latin; so that his work might be read at once out of his country, in any other; there was no need then of translations. Now and then a physician became eminent without such an acquaintance with the Latin, as to enable him to write with ease and elegance in it. In such case he wrote in his native tongue, and employed a translator to render it into Latin. This was the case with Sydenham. Since the decline of the language, the works of the old medical authors have fallen into disuse—they are not translated to any great extent, and not likely to be, for they are very voluminous, and, moreover, they contain medical theories in which we have no interest, as they have long since been exploded. And yet their facts and practical observations are of unspeakable value. If these works, now so rare and dear, were found in some public library, in every county, we should soon find their elevating influence upon the profession; some ambitious member would resort to them, and deriving value from them, lead his fellows also to them. We should then probably hear less frequently about new diseases, and new methods of cure. We

should find that in medicine, as in many other things, to a great extent, that which is new is not true, that which is true is not new. Dr. M., who was known as one of the most successful practitioners of Cincinnati, is said to have given his days and nights to the study of the old authors who wrote in the Latin tongue. It was the opinion, not only of his professional brethren, but of his patients, that he owed much of his skill to his acquaintance with the lore of medicine.

To all this it may be answered, that not one man in five thousand among us is sufficiently educated to avail himself of the treasures laid up in the Greek and Latin languages. Well, for that one we should be at the expense of furnishing them. And he may well repay the munificence of his neighbors; for, after lighting his own lamp, he may hand it to the rest, that they may light theirs. But this is not all; the accessibility of valuable works in the dead languages provokes men to acquire the knowledge necessary to enjoy them. The gold of California caused men to encounter great difficulties and dangers in order to possess it. Wisdom is better than gold; and so soon as it is made known that there is a reservoir of it at our command, we are ready to seek for it as for hidden treasures. "For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things that thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

Rev. Mr. Rylance, in whose church I preached while in Paris, gives me the following account: "I was invited, not long since, to see an old lady, in her seventieth year, who, about ten years ago, having heard the original Scripture quoted in the pulpit, determined to know what it was for herself. Having ascertained that the New Testament was in Greek and the Old in Hebrew, she purchased a Greek grammar, lexicon, and Testament, and pored over them till she became acquainted with the language. She then procured a Hebrew grammar, lexicon, and Bible, and continued her studies till she was familiar with Hebrew. She then commenced the critical study of the Scriptures, and had written a translation of the whole Bible out of the original tongues, with her own hand, accompanied with critical remarks and annotations in English, French, and German. She had accomplished all this without any aid or encouragement, and while living in a garret, on a very narrow income."

Another mode by which literary associations may accomplish their designs, is by mutual assistance in composition and oratory. It is impossible for men to meet weekly for dignified discus-



sion without intellectual improvement. Care must, of course, be taken to prevent the introduction of such subjects as might produce intemperate excitement, and lead to ill-will. This would be no discipline either of the mind or heart, but the reverse of both. It is also important to guard against a disputatious spirit, which is the very opposite of a philosophical one. Still more important is it to guard against doing violence to the moral nature, by discouraging members to advocate what they do not believe.

Properly regulated, the collision of mind with mind, as of steel with steel, sharpens; and as of flint and steel, scatters sparks around; it provokes inquiry, directs investigation, and stimulates to the highest exertion of the intellectual powers. A still more effective method of mutual improvement is the composition of essays, orations, or poems by the members of the association, to be submitted to the friendly censorship of the body, or a select number of them. Exercises of this kind are sure to develop latent genius, to cultivate taste, to strengthen mind, and to direct and encourage its exertion. Many a man who has become exceedingly eminent, commenced his career in this way. If I mistake not, we may place both Patrick Henry and Henry Clay among the number. The association of men of similar taste always improves them. Combine artists, musicians, in friendly association, and improvement will be one of the necessary consequences. It is peculiarly so with men of literary taste. Nor is this all; they communicate their taste to others beyond their own circle by an unconscious tuition.

If you have a company of amateur musicians here, the whole village will be likely to become musical; if you have an association of amateur artists, the whole country round about will become fond of the fine arts; they will be matters of conversation, and of cultivation in almost every family. So, if you have a coterie of literary men of amiable and honorable character, their example will be followed by the community around them, and they will silently elevate the whole platform of the society to which they belong. Many imagine that it is impossible to form great men in villages or rural districts, by any process whatever; that the city alone affords the facilities for such a development as will insure greatness. This is a great error. No city supplies itself with population—the better part of its citizens flows in from the country. The most eminent physicians, lawyers, clergymen, merchants, artists, and capitalists, have been born and educated outside its limits. Indeed, cities are the last place to produce great

minds. The habits, the excitements, the vices of cities usually wear out both body and soul, so that man constantly and rapidly deteriorates under the influence, and would in a few ages be diseased and dwarfed, were it not for the changes which take place by emigration. It is the pure air, and quiet life, and virtuous habits, and generous impulses, and healthful occupations of rural districts that supplies the world with its best men, both physically and mentally.

Literature promotes our material interests.

What makes the difference between the agriculture of the Indian and the agriculture of the white man—between the manufactures of the savage and the manufactures of civilized society? What but science? And science, in her progress, is destined to make as great a difference between our future agriculture and manufactures and our present as it has already made between our present and our past. The same remark may be made in regard to all the other departments of human exertion. That village which cultivates literature, other things being equal, will always have the advantage over that which does not; it will be better informed as to markets and materials, as to currency and exchanges, as to improvements and substitutes; it will employ its capital and powers with less risk and greater profit.

Perhaps our literary associations might be rendered more useful by affiliation and combination. In 1852, when the literary institutes of Great Britain grew languid, new spirit was infused by a proposal to combine literary and scientific societies, and mechanics' institutes with the society of arts; a proposition which hundreds of such societies adopted. Another scheme is set on foot, suggested probably by the fact that the East Indian Civil Service and Engineer and Military also is open to a competitive examination. The scheme is, that candidates, not only for Government, but also for commercial situations, who have been instructed in classes and connected with the society of arts, shall, at stated times, present themselves for examination at the society's headquarters, in certain subjects, and if approved, that they shall receive certificates of merit, which it is arranged shall possess a commercial value. Something similar to this might be a great stimulus to young gentlemen who have not the means to attend collegiate institutions. Thus we might organize all our aspiring youth into a grand mutual-improvement association, affording great facilities and encouragements to each, introducing all that are worthy into the paternity of letters, and into employments suitable to their genius and attainments. Indeed, without any centralization we might very

much increase the usefulness of our literary associations, by encouraging their members to attend regular courses of lectures, submitting to examination thereon, and receiving certificates accordingly.

The existence of a literary association is favorable to the virtue of the community. I do not say that education can purify the heart; for we know that many cultivated minds, and many refined cities, have been grossly corrupt. And yet it certainly has a tendency to save us from the ruder and more heinous forms of sin. Young men who read extensively will not be likely to find pleasure in the intoxicating bowl; they will not be likely to indulge in blasphemy and violence, nor will they be under strong temptation to dishonesty. Intellectual pleasures are cheap—sensual pleasures dear. They who have not the former, will seek the latter; they who seek the latter, will often find themselves in straits from which they can not extricate themselves by honest means, and hence will be strongly tempted to steal, or counterfeit, or forge. Almost all young men who pursue the career of crime, enter it in this mode, and might probably have been saved had they formed, in early life, a habit of seeking intellectual pleasures. Nor is it upon the young men merely that such influences may be expected from literary associations. All parts of the community are intimately connected. You can not raise one class without more or less elevating every other. If you exalt the parents, you raise the children; if you improve the youth of one sex, you will improve also the youth of the other, for they will associate. If either finds that it can not be attractive to the other without education, it will seek it.

Hence, the existence of such an institution has a great influence upon the emigration to a village in which it exists. Men of intelligence, when they seek a new location, are accustomed to regard with scrutiny the social and moral influence of the place to which they direct their attention. And surely this is right. Who would locate his family in a dirty lane, or near a small-pox hospital, or on the borders of a swamp? More sinful still would it be to place his family in the midst of an intellectual or moral pest. As we enter some filthy street, where squalidness marks the inhabitants, and offal floats in the gutters, we immediately say within ourselves, there is typhus in this atmosphere; there will be many deaths here in the course of the winter. On the other hand, when we see a beautiful park, with its green shade, and graveled walks, and sparkling fountains, we say, this is a healthy location; here is a reservoir of pure air and an enticement to health-

ful exercise and peaceful contemplation. With the same certainty may we judge concerning the effect of moral causes.

A glance at a village will enable us to predict what will be its future. We say, as we stand and gaze, and listen at some groggery, there is moral cholera here; there will, in the course of years, be lust, and violence, and darkness, and theft, and counterfeiting, and murder here; and so it is. We say, with equal confidence, under opposite circumstances, the moral atmosphere here is good; there will be charity, and temperance, and hospitality, and politeness, and honesty here, for yonder is a fountain of intelligence and virtue.

Such a place is a literary hall, where science may be taught, books accumulated, oratory practiced, writers trained; where beauty, and goodness, and wisdom, and wit may assemble for useful mirth and salutary woe.

Let the muses and the graces, the sciences and the virtues circle around it in immortal youth; and if Cupid comes among them, he comes with innocent glances and welcome arrows.

To such a hall parents may resort to rejoice over children refined, illuminated, exalted—over the development of unsuspected genius, and the triumphs of unanticipated research. To such a hall children may resort to refresh fancy, invigorate intellect, and rise in the scale of civilization.

## DEATH.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

I do not love to think of Death,  
As poets paint him, strong and stern;  
Dragging us fiercely down the path,  
From which we never may return;  
A king—a conqueror—throned and crowned—  
Relentless, terrible, and grim;  
His brows with awful laurels bound—  
I love not so to think of him;  
A phantom-shape, with dreadful eyes,  
Who comes to stop our gasping breath—  
A thing of unknown mysteries—  
I love not so to think of Death;  
But as an angel, bright and fair,  
Beloved of the King of kings;  
With snowy robes, and shining hair,  
And gentle eyes, and radiant wings;  
Yet with a mystery in his mien,  
That brings a chill, a dread, a fear;  
Awful, when from a distance seen,  
But growing bright as he draws near;  
Who takes us from life's care and gloom,  
And lays us softly 'neath the sod,  
And shows us, just beyond the tomb,  
A pathway to the land of God.

## LEAVES FROM THE LINDEN GROVES.

GERMAN LAYS TRANSLATED.

## PARTING.

WHAT mean ye thus to weep,  
And grieve my saddened heart?  
In God we one must keep,  
In him we need not part.  
The band which us hath bound  
Heeds neither time nor place,  
Who in the Lord is found  
Aye sees his Father's face.  
Man reaches out the hand  
A long farewell to say,  
And yet the union band  
Obliges him to stay.  
Man looks upon another  
With a last long sigh and tear,  
And yet that parted brother  
In God is just as near.  
Why should our tears flow down,  
Our hearts so sadly beat?  
We know so well the One  
In whom we all can meet.  
Under one Eye we stay—  
We're led by one dear Hand,  
In one secure, straight way,  
Unto our father-land.  
Let not this hour be viewed  
With parting's heavy pain—  
But be our vow renewed  
With our dear Lord again.  
While prayer to heaven can wend,  
And Jesus' face we see,  
Friend is not lost to friend,  
Though bitter parting be.

SPITTA.

## EVENING.

The sun sinks in the west,  
The stilly night is come;  
My weary body rest,  
Thy day's work is all done.  
But thou, my soul, O fleet  
Mount up from earth's dark sod;  
Soar to thy rest so sweet,  
The bosom of thy God;  
Thy God, whose kind love fills  
Those gold-bright, glorious lands,  
Where o'er these darkening hills  
The heaven wide open stands.

STURM.

## EVENING WORSHIP.

How lovely the evening hour,  
How smiling departing day,  
How sweetly the birds are singing  
On their longing nestward way!  
The bright flowers must silent be,  
To them is no voice allowed;  
Yet in quiet prayer to their God  
Their heads to the earth are bowed.  
'Tis quiet evening worship  
Where'er I gaze or roam,  
Soft on the waters is painted  
The beautiful heaven's dome.

And all things living sing  
One holy, peaceful lay;  
And all things now plead so gently,  
"Man! thou must also pray."

SPITTA.

## EVENING PRAYER.

Now is the day flown by,  
And darkly sleeps the earth,  
Upon the deep gray sky  
Each sparklet has new birth.  
On yonder young green branch  
Pours forth the nightingale—  
The only sounds that launch  
Across the silent vale.  
And I, O Father! stay  
Before my cottage-door,  
Mine eyes in rapture stray  
O'er thy bright palace-floor,  
O, would that I could sing  
Clear as the nightingale,  
That to thine ear might ring  
My want and sorrow-tale.

Yes, yes, a sorrow-tale—  
For as the dark night nears,  
My trembling heart doth quail,  
Within spring wells of tears;  
Of tears and sighing wrung  
From out this heart of stone,  
Griefs neither said nor sung,  
But, Lord, to thee well known.

Thou know'st the sorrow-tale  
That makes me seek the sky,  
When 'neath sweet slumber's veil  
The weary world doth lie;  
Know'st 'neath what heavy load  
My heart heaves there above,  
And pleads a shortened road,  
Or quickening from thy love.

Yes! from thine own sweet love,  
That heals my bitter smart;  
Yes, yes, thine own sweet love,  
That stills my wringing heart.  
That beam dispels in tears  
The ice within my breast,  
The troubled waters nears,  
And bids them be at rest.

Ah! why should I complain  
When that dear love is nigh,  
And why should I be fain  
To escape the world and die?  
No, Jesus; I will trust  
In thy sweet precious blood,  
In that I will and must  
Be reconciled with God.

O Jesus, spread thine arms,  
And take me to thy breast;  
There vanish these alarms,  
There can the tired one rest!  
I'll lay me down to sleep,  
Still resting on thine arm,  
Assured that thou wilt keep  
Thy child from every harm.

ARNOLD.



### "FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES."

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

**P**OOOR little Nanny Gray! what a lot was hers! No "home's holy loves" infolded her neglected childhood; no kind words ever fell upon her ears; no mother's hand was ever laid upon her head in blessing. While she was yet very, very young—so young that toil should have been a thing unknown, and care uncared for—and so slight and frail that the gentlest love should have watched over her, she was made to drudge all day, washing dishes in the hot kitchen, or sweeping the passages, or scouring the flag-stones in the back yard. Day by day troops of happy children, rosy and innocent, well-fed and well-dressed, went bounding past to school or play; and often the sweet sound of their laughter floated in where Nanny was wearily toiling, and then she would stop to wipe away her silent tears with her ragged little apron. No one ever thought or cared how often her patient dark eyes were wet, and her wan lips trembling with grief; or how often her sensitive heart was wounded. No one ever brushed the soft dark hair, which, had it been cared for, would have drooped in pretty curls around her face; it was twisted awkwardly up at the back of her head, and fastened with a hair-pin. She was shut out from all the sweet sights, and sounds, and joys, which are the heritage and the inalienable right of childhood. Woe to him who robs a human heart of that which it can never have but once—the freshness of its spring-time!

Long, long ago, it seemed to Nanny so long she could hardly remember, she had had a mother; and the memory of that mother, though indistinct and faded, was the oasis in the desert of her lonely little life. Her mother had told her of the heavenly Father, who cares for all; and of the blessed Lord Jesus, who took little children in his gentle arms and blessed them. But this mother had died—had gone to the heaven she loved, and left her little child all alone in this bitter world; and the child had been taken to an almshouse. There she had been found and brought away by Mrs. Higgins, the person in whose house she now existed.

Mrs. H. remarked confidentially to a neighbor that "such girls was a set of lazy torments; you'd got to keep 'em under, if you ever expected 'em to be of any service to you; she did n't s'pose Nan would ever earn her salt."

Mrs. Higgins gained an easy livelihood by embroidering for wealthy families; her work was tasteful and elegant. Blossoms and leaves seemed

to spring forth beneath her needle, and bloom in beauty upon the fabric she wrought. It seemed impossible that one who could create such beautiful productions, should have such a coarse and wholly unrefined mind, and such a total absence of all the kindly affections of life; yet so it was.

Nanny had an intense love of the beautiful, and would often gaze with trembling, eager delight upon the wreaths of flowers which her mistress wrought; this often cost her a slap on the side of the head, and an injunction, in no gentle tones, "to go about her business, and not stand gaping there."

There was but one thing which sustained the child, and gave her patience; and that was Divine grace. The good seed which her mother had sowed so early in the spring, though chilled by many a cold wind and freezing dew, had yet taken root, sprung up, and borne fruit. She could read, and she had a Bible, and day by day she gave more and more of her affections to the Savior; and he, the blessed, the crucified, the risen, had taken her in his arms, and carried her upon his bosom as gently as he did the lambs of old. It is not impossible for saving faith to bud and blossom in the heart, even of a little child; for God's compassion for all the "weary and heavy laden" is infinite; and when, in their simplicity and weakness, they know not how to "come unto him, that they may find rest," he will sometimes gently lead them to himself, without human instrumentality. Nanny's temper was naturally violent and impetuous, but she had learned to restrain it, and the habitual expression of her face was subdued and patient.

One morning, as she was sweeping the front steps—Mrs. Higgins was a model of neatness and order—a group of children passed by on their way to school. One of them, a little girl much older than Nanny, had in her hand a little spray of the most rare and beautiful roses, whose creamy whiteness contrasted sweetly with the dark green leaves around them. Nanny instinctively sprang forward to look at them, her face glowing, and her form trembling with intense admiration. The bearer of the flowers, noticing her eagerness, stopped and said,

"Little girl, would you like these pretty roses?"

"O! if I might have them," said Nanny.

"I wish I could give them to you," said the girl; "but my mamma has sent them to a sick lady, so I must not give them away. But," continued she, seeing the shadow of disappointment upon Nanny's face, "if mamma will let me, I will bring you a slip from our rose-tree to-morrow,

and you can plant it, and perhaps some roses will grow on it."

"Nan," screamed Mrs. Higgins from the window, "what are you loitering around there for, gabbling with them young ones? Go to work this minute!"

The next day came the promised slip of a rose-tree. It was a tiny thing, and she planted it in an old pitcher, and watched it as a mother watches her first-born, for it was her only earthly treasure. It grew and flourished, and when the days were cold, it was placed in the sunshine of the kitchen window. Mrs. Higgins, after some fretting, allowed it to remain there, but declared that if she saw Nanny spending her time over it, she would pitch it into the street.

Nanny was often sent on errands, and to carry the work home to her mistress's wealthy employers, and on these occasions frequently passed a certain stately house, many streets from where she lived. She always glanced up at the windows in passing, for she had often seen in its nurse's arms, at the windows, a beautiful infant of two years old, or thereabout, whose perfect loveliness filled her with admiration. Several times she had passed just as the nurse was going forth or returning with the little creature from its daily promenade, and she loved to look at its sweet, innocent face—its soft, pale curls, dimpled, waxen shoulders, and eyes like May violets. She thought that the children whom the Savior held in his arms, must have been just such ones as this; and she wondered more than ever that he could love such a poor, little, ragged, neglected creature as herself, and her eyes would fill with grateful tears. It came to be a habit with her; when she was returning from her lonely walks, to stop before this mansion, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the beautiful baby. She had once seen a lovely lady descending the steps, who, she knew, was the baby's mother, because of the looks of unutterable love which she cast upon it, and which made poor Nanny's orphan heart beat longingly in her bosom. She knew, too, that the inmates of this house acknowledged God in all their ways; for once, after nightfall, she had climbed some steps on the opposite side of the street, the better to get a glimpse through the half-drawn curtains of the lighted drawing-room, and she saw the whole family bowing at their evening devotions. How utterly shelterless and forlorn she felt, after looking into such a home as that!

One day Nanny's mistress was unusually irritable, for she was embroidering something which required great skill and care. It was a child's dress of the most delicate rose-colored cashmere,

to be heavily embroidered; and it was now nearly completed; Nanny was bending over and admiring her rose-tree, which now had upon it three beautiful half-blown buds, and one opening rose, though it was midwinter. Mrs. Higgins saw that she was not at work, and being tired, cross, and impatient, sprang up suddenly, dropped her work upon a chair, and gave Nanny a sharp box on the ear; and, accidentally, in bringing back her hand, she knocked down the old pitcher, breaking it to pieces, and crushing the rose-tree beneath the wet earth and broken fragments.

"There," said she, "I did n't mean to do that, but it's good enough for you, and on the hull, I'm glad on't. You was always a moping over that old thing. Now, go along and clear up that litter!"

Poor Nanny! she stood for a moment transfixed with rage and grief, then caught up her poor, ruined treasure, with the wet earth still clinging to its roots, and her first impulse was to hurl it at her mistress's head. But at that moment the door-bell rang, and Mrs. Higgins hastened to the front-room to attend a customer, leaving the beautiful little rose-colored robe, on which so much labor had been expended, still lying on a chair close to the crushed flower-pot. Now was a fine chance for Nanny to revenge herself. She would throw the wet earth over the dainty fabric, and ruin it. No one would see her, and her mistress would not suspect her; she would think it had been scattered in the fall. O, such revenge would be very sweet! and with flashing eyes, Nanny caught up the damp mold to throw it. But soft, and low, and suddenly, far down in her heart, a still voice whispered, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." She remembered who once spoke those words, and her uplifted hand was staid; her anger fled away; she began to weep. Very soon she softly commenced clearing away the litter, as she had been commanded, and the beautiful dress still lay unharmed upon the chair. She found that the three lovely buds and the half-blown rose were uninjured; and carefully severing them from their broken stems, and arranging them with a few sprays of dark green leaves, she formed a bouquet of rare beauty. When her mistress returned, she had resumed her work, with her tears dropping so softly and silently, that even Mrs. Higgins felt some compunctions.

About an hour later, Mrs. H. bade her put on her hood and cloak, and go and take home the little robe which she had just finished. Nanny was soon ready.

"Be sure and give it to the lady herself," said Mrs. Higgins, as she delivered the handbox into Nanny's hands, "and not to any of the servant girls. The house is No. 41, Gay-street. Don't forget, now, No. 41."

Nanny was not likely to forget, for that was the very house where she had so often seen that beautiful little child.

"Then this pretty dress is for her," thought Nanny; "how glad I am now that I did not spoil it! How wicked it would have been! I never could have been happy again if I had done it!"

Then she went and hid her pretty bouquet in her bosom, thinking that if she should see the child, she would give it to her. She was not long in reaching the house. Two men were ascending the steps, carrying what seemed to her a mahogany box, with a gleam of silver upon its polished surface. There was some black crape tied upon the handle of the door-bell. As Nanny stole softly into the hall after the two men, they were already ascending the stairs. As there was no one else in sight, and as she remembered her mistress's injunction, to give the dress to none but the lady herself, she thought she would follow them. So she went up the stairs, and then a door was open into a room more elegantly furnished than any she had ever seen, but somewhat dark, for the heavy curtains were all down. There were two or three persons in the room, and she distinguished the lady that she had seen once before, and knew to be the baby's mother. So she went straight up to her—not noticing that the lady was pale and sorrowful, and her eyes dim with weeping—and laid the little frock in her lap, saying,

"Here is your little girl's dress, ma'am; Mrs. Higgins told me to give it to none but you."

To her surprise and terror the lady gave a half-suppressed cry of anguish, and pushing away the little robe, dropped her face upon her hand and wept, O how bitterly! Nanny looked on in amazed distress, till a servant softly motioned her to leave the room.

"No, no!" said the weeping lady, looking up at that moment, and seeing the look of unutterable sympathy, and pity upon Nanny's face; "come with me!" and taking her by the hand, she led her across the room, throwing aside a curtain, and letting in the sad light of the winter sunset. There, upon a snow-white couch, lay the beautiful baby, like an embodiment of sleeping purity and innocence. Her dimpled hands and arms, white and smooth as Italian marble, lay lightly upon her breast, as if she had sunk into a soft slumber; but, O how still they lay! and how

motionless were the little curls of pale gold reposing around her face and shoulders! No sculptor ever chiseled any thing so perfectly beautiful; but, alas! like Nanny's broken rose-tree, she was to bloom no more on earth!

"Lovely thou sleepest, but something lies  
Too deep and still on those soft-sealed eyes!  
Mournfully sweet is thy rest to see—  
When will the hour of thy waking be?  
Not when the fawn wakes, not when the lark  
On the crimson clouds of the morn floats dark;  
Grief, with vain, passionate tears, hath wet  
The hair, shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet!  
Love, with sad kisses, unfelt hath pressed  
Thy meek-dropt eyelids and quiet breast,  
And the fair spring, calling out bird and bee,  
Shall color all blossoms, fair child! but thee!  
Thou art gone! as the dew-drop is swept from the  
bough:  
O for the world where thy home is now!"

It is impossible to describe the grief, the sympathy, and the awe, which melted Nanny's heart, for she had loved the child very dearly. Utterly forgetful of the presence of strangers, she covered her face with her coarse apron, and sobbed scarcely less bitterly than the lady herself had done. Then she took her beautiful white rose-buds, and softly, reverently, timidly laid them upon the bosom of the dead child, whose little life had been as fair and brief as theirs, murmuring half unconsciously,

"But she is in heaven now, she is in heaven now!"

The mother's heart, made soft by suffering, was deeply touched. When Nanny turned away, she detained her, exclaiming,

"Stay with me! I believe God has sent you to comfort me. You shall never leave me if I can prevent it; my home shall be yours, and, God willing, you shall be to me what my lost one would have been."

The sorrows of Nanny's childhood were over. Light had suddenly sprung up out of darkness. She was no longer the neglected, despised, suffering being she had been, but the adopted child of a Christian family, shielded by love and wealth from the ills of life. Had she yielded to the revengeful promptings of her heart, and spoiled the little dress, she would have probably remained under the iron rule of Mrs. Higgins; but God has pronounced a blessing, even in this life, upon such as forgive their enemies.

—•••—  
We have nothing to enjoy till we have something to impart. He only lives who is not a reservoir, but a fountain.



## THE DEW ON THE HEART.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

IT is nearing midnight in our village of Newton, and looking from my window I can see but one light still burning. From the little brown cottage behind the larches one solitary candle shines faintly, and for a moment I wonder what has kept the good Mrs. Wilson up so late. Then I remember, and sigh as the thought comes to me, that last week they brought her son home to die, and so the widow watches beside him. I can see her now as she passes to and fro in the room, arranging something for his comfort, I fancy, or bending over his pillow with that sweet, sad face of hers. I always loved to look at it in Church, on Sabbath days; it made me think of the words, "As seeing Him who is invisible." Now she is still again, seated perhaps by the bedside, and thinking of the time when that wasted man before her was a nestling babe in her bosom, or a merry-voiced boy playing about the cottage. Then—and the tears will fall when she remembers that—she will think how he went out from her into the wide world with the dew of his youth fresh upon his heart. Ah me! I remember that, too—but let me sit down and recall it.

It was twelve years last harvest since John Wilson died, and left his wife and two boys to struggle along as best they could, with no inheritance save the little brown cottage, and the garden behind it. He was a laborer, and an honest man, and supported his family in comfort, if not in plenty; but work was not steady, and the times were hard, and so he laid nothing by.

Howard Wilson, the oldest boy, was a bright little fellow of ten years, and the youngest—baby Charley we always called him—scarcely a twelve-month old. They had but little to keep them from want; but the mother was active and skillful, and Howard a brave-hearted lad, and so in one way and another they managed to live comfortably enough for a couple of years. Then, in the long summer days, little golden-haired Charley grew sick, and when the fever went away and left him white and wasted, he did not gain strength and play again among the wild flowers, as we all hoped to see him, but he drooped and faded, and grew very still and silent, and would lie for hours before the open door, looking up at the blue sky and great drifting clouds. His mother said he would grow stronger when the autumn weather came; but the neighbors shook their heads sadly when they spoke of him, and said to one another, "The child has been called, and will never see the autumn." And so it was;

for one day, when the mother came in from her work, the child lay upon her pillow before the door, with his face upturned, and his great blue eyes looking up at the sky; but there was no soul in them, for baby Charley had gone to be a lamb in the upper fold. How beautifully he looked in his coffin, with the lids half shut over his eyes, and the golden hair floating away from his round white forehead!

The poor mother bent sobbing above him, but the old silver-haired minister whispered to her "*Their angels do always behold the face of your Father in heaven;*" and the lonely woman lifted up her head and smiled—that smile, it has never left her face since, so full of trust and patient hope.

They made him a grave under the larches beside the cottage, for she could not bear to put her baby far away from her, and so all the autumn the brown and yellow leaves blew across it, and the sweet sunshine rested down upon it, while angel Charley was folded in the arms of Him who carrieth the lambs in his bosom. The poor have little time for mourning, and perhaps it is better so. We are too apt in our selfish sorrow to shut ourselves up from God's great comforters, and nurse our grief in solitude, never lifting our tear-blinded eyes to heaven, that the sunshine may fall down upon them. We lay our dead in our bosoms, and bear them cold and heavy along our daily paths, darkening all about us with the shadow of the grave; while the poor, feeling more deeply that their loved are kindly taken away from the evil to come, think always of them as at rest with the blessed; and many cares and labor for the daily bread, call out the mind from itself, and soon leave but a quiet, happy memory.

It was but a day or two before Mrs. Wilson was working again here and there in the village, or spinning at her cottage-door of an evening, the same gentle woman, only a little more subdued in her manner. Had she forgotten the little Charley, or ceased to grieve for him? O no! but she knew it was well with her darling, and the living needed all her energies. So she went about, a patient, earnest worker, till Howard was a lad of fifteen, and then it was high time to find some steady employment for him. She dreaded sending him away from her, for her very life seemed to be bound up in him, but Newton is only a small country village, and there was no chance for him there. So, when Esquire Dayton, who was once a poor boy in Newton, offered to take him into his great warehouse at C., Mrs. Wilson thought she could do no better than to

accept his offer. He was so rich and influential that he might do a great deal for Howard; and then he was well known as a liberal man, who gave largely to all benevolent institutions, and surely he would take an interest in the widow's only son.

Every one said it was a rare chance for him, and that Howard would come back some day to make his mother proud of him, and to be her support in her old age.

It was a pleasant Sabbath in May when they came together to the church for the last time, for on the morrow Howard was to leave for his new home. Many an eye was turned toward them as they entered the door together, and a pleasant sight it was to see how fondly the widow looked upon her boy, while he, with his handsome face full of animation, was as noble-looking a boy as ever gladdened a mother's heart. Many paused at the door of the church, after service, to say good-by to the one that was going away from his home shelter for the first time, and last of all came the aged pastor, leaning upon the top of his staff. His eyes were growing dim with age, and as the wind lifted his beautiful silver hair, it seemed to float like a halo about his head. He laid his trembling hand upon the boy's shoulder, and said, in his kindly tone, "And so, my son, you are going away from us all to-morrow. Well, it is a wide world, but not wider than the heaven that is all above it. Thine own God, and thy father's God forsake not, and may he keep thee from the evil that is in the world!" Then looking reverently upward he added, "The angel that redeemed Israel from all trouble go with the lad, and preserve him from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday!"

And so Howard Wilson went out from us to tread a new path, but with prayer and blessing, arching over all the way, while his mother went back to her lonely little cottage, and glancing sadly, sometimes at the mound under the long tree-shadows, blessed God for *one child upon earth*; she has blessed him since then more fervently for *one in heaven*.

It was not strange that Howard should for a time feel very lonely in the great, bustling city—not strange that one who had always been folded about with love and tenderness, should miss sadly enough the kind word and approving smile; but this was no concern of his employer. He had taken him out of benevolence, although a boy from the city would have served him better than Howard could do without practice; what more could be asked of him? It was not strange that, as the

days grew into months, and the months into years, the home influence grew weaker, and the loving mother, and the aged pastor, ay, and the Father watching above us, came to be almost forgotten by the bold youth, as he slowly departed step by step from that praise and prayer-hallowed path of old.

Then, there came dark hours to the cottage under the larches, and many a pleading petition was offered for the wanderer, and all to our human vision seemed unheard, while for years Howard Wilson has gone astray from the light. But He who seeth not as man seeth, has put forth his hand and touched him, and they have brought him home at last, sick unto death. How can his mother look upon him and not thank God for Charley in heaven!

\* \* \* \* \*

It is all over at the cottage; the silver cord is loosed; the golden bowl is broken. Howard Wilson lies in the home he has so saddened—*dead*.

He died penitent and humble, coming back at last to his childhood's faith; but his heart had lost the dew of its youth, and the breath of the world had scorched and withered it, and the dews that at last gathered upon it, were not the freshness of the morning, but the heavy, dark damps of evening. Yet, perchance, in that morning of eternity, the light shall illumine it, and the poor heart's later offering may not be cast away. And so, though death is in the world, we thank thee, Father, that one after long wandering has come back to thee.

### ALL UP HILL.

Each man, in this world, has an individual contest to wage.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"THE way through life, my child, is all up hill,"

He said in pleasant tones, yet sad and low;  
And tho' my kindness shall attend thee still,  
Yet thou, like others, *self-sustained* must go.

Most cheerfully and gladly would I bear

The burdens life has bound for thy young heart,  
Thankful to save thee from all pain and care;  
But each, my child, alone must bear his part.

O, life is stern! and all its ways are hard,

For gentle hearts, and fragile limbs, like thine;  
But they shall meet a glorious reward,  
Who walk them well, nor murmur, nor repine.

Most gladly would I fold thee to my breast—

Most thankfully would guard thee as mine own;  
But thou must *labor* for thine hour of rest;  
And thou must meet and conquer life alone.

## A HEATHEN NATION WITHIN OUR BORDERS.\*

NEW MEXICO is a part of our "great and growing" country, about which most of us know but very little. We know that there is on our south-western frontier a large and important tract, so called; we have perhaps heard that it is in part fertile; that its climate is mild and pleasant; that the inhabitants are rude—almost semi-barbarous.

And then we have all seen something in the papers about the Mesilla Valley, which we judge to be a part of New Mexico, for which Uncle Samuel has paid twice. And that is all. Now the compiler of the present paper thinks proper to begin the enlightenment of his readers, somewhat after the manner of a geography lesson, as follows:

"The territory of New Mexico occupies that central region of North America, lying between the river Arkansas on the east, and the Colorado on the west. It is bounded by Texas and Mexico on the south, and by Utah and Kansas on the north, and contains about two hundred and seven thousand square miles." It was obtained of Mexico under the treaty of Guadalupe de Hidalgo, except the narrow strip aforementioned, for which we are indebted to Colonel Gadsden's diplomatic talents, and a sight draft for ten millions of dollars.

"The physical formation is a type of the whole of that extensive region known as the Great American Central Basin, whose distinguishing features are extensive and arid elevated plains, lofty and barren mountains, and narrow valleys along the water courses. The middle portion is drained by the Rio del Norte and its branches, and the other principal streams are the eastern tributaries of the Colorado, and some of the western tributaries of the Arkansas. A continuation of the great rocky chain runs through the eastern part of the territory, and numerous isolated peaks and spurs are found in other sections. A large portion shows very evident traces of recent volcanic action, and in many places the surface is seamed and cut up by immense ravines and canons."

So much for the country about which, were it not for the interesting volume of Mr. W. W. H. Davis, late United States Attorney for all that space, we should, up to the present, know but very little. From Mr. Davis's book we have been

able to get a very good understanding of the land and its people, and we shall here jot down for our readers some particulars concerning a very singular race, who seem to be the aboriginal inhabitants of the land, and about whom we recollect to have seen no where before such a full account.

The Pueblo Indians are so called because of the distinctive feature in their customs—that of living in villages, instead of leading a wild, nomadic life, such as is thought most desirable by most of our Indians. The Pueblos are no doubt the most interesting people of New Mexico—and it would not be too much to call them the most interesting of all our Indian tribes. A word as to their present condition, and then we shall follow Mr. Davis a little way into their history. They live in villages, build houses of stone and *adobe*, or sun-dried brick, cultivate the ground, raise cattle, possess some rude arts, and make the blankets they wear, and the pottery which they use for their households.

This is a condition of affairs radically different from that of any of the Indian tribes known on the North American continent. The most natural way of accounting for their advanced state, is to ascribe it to the example and precept of their Spanish conquerors. To these, of course, they owe the forms of the Catholic religion which they possess, as well as all traces of European civilization found among them. But well-authenticated history shows, so says Mr. Davis, that the Pueblos lived in villages, tended flocks, cultivated the soil, and possessed some rude arts, long before, and at the time the Spaniards first visited the country. To prove this it is only necessary to give the following extracts from the journal of Castaneda de Nagera, chronicler of an expedition made by the Spaniards under Coronado, in 1540:

"The province of Cibola contains seven villages. The largest is called Muzaque. The houses of the country are ordinarily three or four stories high, but at Muzaque there are some which reach seven stories. The Indians of this country are very intelligent. They cover the natural parts and the entire middle of the person with pieces of stuff which resemble napkins; they are garnished with tufts, and with embroidery at the corners, and are fastened around the reins. These natives have also kinds of pelisses of feathers or hare-skins and cotton stuffs. The women wear on the shoulders a sort of mantle, which they fasten around the neck, passing it under the right arm. They also make garments of skins very well dressed, and trick off their hair behind the ears in the shape of a wheel, which resembles the handle of a cup."

\*El Gringo; or, New Mexico and her People. By W. W. H. Davis. New York: Harper & Bros., publishers.



In another place he remarks: "The houses are well distributed and very neat. One room is designed for the kitchen, and another to grind the grain. This last is apart, and contains a furnace and three stones made fast in masonry. Three women sit down before these stones; the first crushes the grain, the second brays it, and the third reduces it entirely to powder. Before entering, they take off their shoes, tie their hair, cover their head, and shake their clothes. While they are at work, a man, seated at the door, plays on a bagpipe, so that they work keeping time; they sing in three voices. They make a great deal of flour at once. To make bread, they mix it with warm water, and make a dough which resembles the cakes called *dubles*. No other fruits than pine-nuts\* are seen in the country. The men wear a sort of shirt of dressed leather, and a pellisse over it. In all this province was found pottery glazed, and vases of really curious form and workmanship."

Further toward the north-east the Spaniards came to the village of Cicuye, which is described as follows:

"It is built on the top of a rock, forming a great square, and the center is occupied by a public place, under which are vapor baths. The houses are four stories high, the roof in the form of a terrace, all of the same height, and on which the circuit of the village may be made without finding a street to obstruct the passage. To the first two stories there is a corridor, in the form of a balcony, on which they can circulate round the village, and under which they can find shelter. The houses have no doors below, but they ascend to the balconies within the village by means of ladders, which may be removed. Upon these balconies, which serve as streets, open all the doors by which the houses are entered. Those which front upon the country are supported against those which open upon the court. These last are higher, which is very useful in time of war."

It is quite worthy of note that their present mode of building, their manners and customs are substantially the same. And it is evident that this early traveler distinguished between them and the roving tribes who dwelt in lodges of buffalo-skins. There are, farther, decrees by Charles V, and other Spanish monarchs, recognizing the rights of these Indians, and granting them privileges almost, if not quite, equal to the whites.

There is evidence that the Pueblo Indians were

in ancient times much more numerous than they are now. One nation, the Tagnos, or Tanos, once powerful and warlike, has become entirely extinct, and many of the villages of the four remaining nations have gone to ruins. Of those now in decay, and a long time abandoned by the inhabitants, and whose names have come down to the present day, can be mentioned Pecos, San Lazaro, San Marcos, San Cristobal, Socorro, and Senacu, besides others whose names have been forgotten, all of which were peopled as late as 1692, when Cruzate marched through the country. In the palmiest days of the Pueblo Indians, the valley in which Santa Fe is situated was the center of the four nations, and here were located their most populous pueblos. Their villages were built upon both sides of the Santa Fe river for several miles, extending from the mountains down to the little town of Agua Fria. In this distance down the valley there are seen to this day pieces of painted pottery, and other remains of the pueblos that have passed away.

The object of many of the early Spanish expeditions into New Mexico, seems to have been to discover the precise locality of a large and prosperous city, called Quivira, a place of which the coast Indians related marvelous stories, and concerning which the treasure-seeking Spaniards seem never to have obtained any more definite information than was given them by the Pueblos, who—after the manner of the Haytien Indians in the days of Columbus—ever pointed westward as the place whence all the gold was brought, and consequently, in this case, as the direction in which lay the fabled Quivira.

Quivira was the object of the Spanish cupidity. It is still the subject of many legends, and, as there must be some locality, even to the most romantic story, in these matter-of-fact days, the ruins of Quivira are pointed out to the traveler through New Mexico. It is after all nothing but a common Indian pueblo, or village, long since deserted, the houses falling away in ruins, the fields about long overgrown with weeds, the springs, which must, in its prosperous days, have been near, dried up, and the place, from this lack of water—which is now found no nearer than at a distance of several miles—totally uninhabitable. The inhabitants, rich or poor, civilized or rude and barbarous, probably lived and died in happy ignorance of Spanish avarice and tyranny.

From 1680, the date of the Spanish reconquest, till 1837, the Indians and Spaniards lived peaceably together. In the latter year, however, they again rose in rebellion, and advanced in thousands upon the capital—Santa Fe. The troops were

\* Probably *pinones*, which are found all over the country.

defeated, the Governor and leading officials put to death, and the government fell into the hands of the Indians. They retained it, however, for a few weeks only, when they were overpowered by the Mexican authorities, and again brought to subjection. Since the close of the war with Mexico, they have remained at peace with our Government, and seemed pleased with the change of masters. They are friendly in their feelings toward the Americans, but have always manifested hostility to the Mexicans. The good-will they manifest toward our people is probably produced, in some degree, by a tradition among them that a new race of men would come from the east to deliver them from the bondage of the Spaniards and Mexicans. The Americans coming from that quarter, may have led them to believe that we were their promised deliverers. When Gen. Kearney took possession of the country, in 1846, the Pueblo Indians were among the first to give in their adherence to the new order of things, and, with the exception of the Taos Indians, taking part in the rebellion of 1847, they have never manifested other than the most friendly disposition."

So much for the past of the Pueblo Indians. Let us now take a look at their present condition. They do not at this day number above 10,000 souls. They yet live in little communities entirely separate and distinct from the Mexican population, with their own local customs and laws. Their villages are constructed of adobes, and in a style peculiar to themselves. In some instances the houses are small, and built around a square court-yard, while in other cases the village is composed of two or three large buildings contiguous to each other, which sometimes accommodate as many as a thousand or fifteen hundred people. They look much more like fortresses than dwelling-places, and if properly manned are capable of making a strong defense against small arms. The pueblo near the town of Don Fernandez de Taos, in the northern part of the territory, is the best sample of the ancient mode of building. Here there are two large houses, three or four hundred feet in length, and about one hundred and fifty feet wide at the base. They are situated upon opposite sides of a small creek, and in ancient times are said to have been connected by a bridge. They are five and six stories high, each story receding from the one below it, and thus forming a structure terraced from top to bottom. Each story is divided into numerous little compartments, the outer tiers of rooms being lighted by small windows in the sides, while those in the interior of the building are dark, and

are principally used as store-rooms. One of the most singular features of these buildings is the absence of any direct communication with the outside on the ground floor. The only means of entrance is through a trap-door in the roof, and you ascend, from story to story, by means of ladders upon the outside, which are drawn up at night, and the population sleep secure from attack from without. This method of gaining access to the inside of the house is common to all the pueblos, and was probably adopted in early times as a means of defense against the wild tribes, by which they were surrounded. In the two buildings at Taos, about eight hundred men, women, and children live together like one large family, and apparently in much harmony. It is the custom to have a sentinel stationed upon the housetop, whose duty it is to give notice of the approach of danger.

"Each pueblo contains an *estufa*, which is used both as a council-chamber and a place of worship, where they practice such of their heathen rites as still exist among them. It is built partly under ground, and is considered a consecrated and holy place. Here they hold all their deliberations upon public affairs, and transact the necessary business of the village. It is said to be their custom, when they return from a successful war expedition, to repair to the *estufa*, where they strip themselves of their clothing, and dance and otherwise celebrate their success; and that, upon some occasions, they remain there two or three days before visiting their families."

Although so long under the Spanish dominion, they still adhere to their own manner of dress. The outer garments of the men consist of a jacket and leggins made of deer-skins, tanned. Many wear no jacket, but in its place wrap their upper man in a buffalo-robe, which is girded about the waist; a few wear blankets, and fewer yet shirts. The women wear leggins, the same as the men. Instead of the jacket, or buffalo-robe, they wear a bright blanket over the shoulders, mantle-wise, so as to leave both arms free; a shorter blanket, called a *tilma*, is worn in front, reaching as low as the knees. Both are joined together about the waist.

The blankets have a dark ground, into which are wove various figures, in bright colors. The leggins are ornamented with beads. Both sexes wear moccasins and go bareheaded. The hair, which is permitted to grow long, is done up in a great cue, which hangs down behind.

"The land belonging to each pueblo is held in common by the inhabitants, but for purposes of cultivation it is parceled out to the several families,

who raise their own crops, and dispose of the produce of their labor. Irrigation is necessary, and by careful tillage they can raise as fine crops as any produced in the territory. They grow wheat, corn, beans, vegetables, and fruits. They have paid considerable attention to the cultivation of the grape, and some of the pueblos own large and valuable vineyards. They make wine from the grapes, and also sell them in a ripe state in the neighboring Mexican towns. They raise stock, and some of the pueblos own considerable herds of horses, mules, oxen, and sheep.

"They appear to have lost most of the few arts they possessed when the country was first discovered by the Spaniards. Then they manufactured some fabrics of cotton, and other articles of curious workmanship. They still make a coarse kind of blanket for their own use, but they devote the greater part of their time to the manufacture of earthenware, which they sell in quantities to the Mexicans. It exhibits some skill, and is often adorned with various devices painted upon it before it is burned. This ware is in universal use in the territory, and there is considerable demand for it in the market. They also make vessels of wicker-work, tight enough to hold water after they have been once saturated. They are formed of the fibers of some plant ingeniously plaited together, and some of the proper size and shape are used by travelers as canteens."

Their religious belief at present is an abominable mixture of pagan and Roman Catholic superstitions. They pay tithes to Roman priests, but many of them worship the sun, as well as the Virgin Mary; and it is said they still turn their faces toward the east, on rising, to look for the coming of Montezuma. They are extremely superstitious, and are firm believers in witchcraft in all its variety. A little more than two years ago, the council and governor of the pueblo of Nambe, caused two of the inhabitants of that village to be put to death in a most cruel manner, because they were accused of eating all the little children of the pueblo.

The tradition of Montezuma is one which they appear greatly to venerate. Mr. Davis thus relates it: "It is said that in the *estufa* the sacred fire was kept constantly burning, having been originally kindled by Montezuma. It was in a basin of a small altar, and, in order to prevent its becoming extinguished, a watch was kept over it day and night. The tradition runs that Montezuma had enjoined upon their ancestors not to allow the fire to expire till he should return to deliver them from the Spaniards, and hence their watchful care over it. He was expected to appear

with the rising sun, and every morning the Indians went upon the house-tops, and, with eyes turned toward the east, looked for the coming of their monarch. Alas for them! he never came; and when the smoldering embers had expired, they gave up all hope of deliverance, and sought new homes in a distant pueblo. The task of watching the sacred fires was assigned to the warriors, who served by turns for a period of two days and two nights at a time, without eating or drinking, while some say that they remained upon duty till death or exhaustion relieved them from their post. The remains of those who died from the effect of watching are said to have been carried to the den of a great serpent, which appears to have lived upon these delicacies alone."

Mr. Davis afterward visited the pueblo of Laguna, where he saw the most venerated of all the Pueblo idols, the god Montezuma himself. He says:

"The god Montezuma is made of tanned skin of some sort, and the form is circular, being about nine inches in height, and the same in diameter. The top is covered with the same material, but the lower end is open, and one-half is painted red, and the other green. Upon the green side is fashioned the rude representation of a man's face. Two oblong apertures in the skin, in the shape of right-angled triangles, with the bases inward, are the eyes; there is no nose, and a circular piece of leather, fastened about two inches below the eyes, represents the mouth; and two similar pieces, one on each side, opposite the outer corners of the eyes, are intended for the ears. This completes the *personnel* of the god, with the addition of a small tuft of leather upon the top, which is dressed with feathers when it is brought out to be worshiped upon public days. The three Indians present looked upon it with the greatest apparent veneration, who kneeled around it in the most devout manner, and went through a form of prayer, while one of the number sprinkled upon it a white powder. Mateo, the Indian who accompanied us, spoke in praise of Montezuma, and told us that it was God, and the brother of God."

He adds:

"Who would have believed that within the limits of our Union, in the middle of the nineteenth century, there was to be found such a debased form of heathen worship?"

Such are the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, permanent inhabitants of the United States territory, and to a certain extent our fellow-citizens. Is not this a promising field for more extended missionary efforts, and ought not something to be done in it at once?



## THE LEGENDS OF DUMPLING HILL.

## THE FIRST PICNIC.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

"These penciled figures are  
Even such as they give out to be."

**T**HIRTY years ago! A long time in prospect; but in recalling the occurrences which marked their progress, the whole appears but as a dream, whose changeful phases, as every one knows, annihilate both time and space. Within that boundary what a metamorphosis has taken place! From the Revolution up to that period every thing remained stationary—improvement went on slowly, and folks lived in the most patriarchal manner; for steam-engines and railroads were unthought of. The lightning-like speed of the "fiery horse" has awakened a corresponding spirit in the people. Every thing now goes by steam; every-where is bustle, and our country—our dear, blessed country—is charged with being "fast." Whether op-probrious or not, it is certainly not altogether false; for great, great are the changes made both in the face of nature and society.

Thirty years ago one of the loveliest, and, at this day, most fruitful valleys on the left bank of the Susquehanna, although partially redeemed from wildness, was still in places covered with tall grass, like that which clothes the western prairies, and, owing to the richness of the soil, grew to such a height that almost every cow wore a bell, so that her owner might know in what direction she was to be found, provided she did not return of her own accord. The little community of Dumpling Hill were a happy and simple-minded people. Mostly descended from the Welsh settlers, who had planted themselves in that fertile valley before the Revolution, they were contented to live as their forefathers had done, neither counting themselves rich nor poor, nor dreaming of the value of the rich and many acres they owned.

No hostile Indians had for a long time disturbed them. They sowed and reaped their fields in a security unknown to the generation before; but many a tale of brave exploit of some Griffith, Jones, or Morgan told beside the brush-wood fire in the clearing, related at an apple-bee or farm-house quilting, while it cheated the hours, also attested that the atmosphere of the New World had not abated the natural force of spirit, said to be the peculiar property of the ancient Cymry.

Like the Happy Valley of Rasselas, shut out from the busy world by inclosing mountains, the vices as well as troubles of large communities

were unknown there. What if there were no turnpikes nor mail-coaches within ten miles to bring the fashions and news? 'Less time was taken up by the women in making their toilet, and the men were never "fashed" by pressure in the money market; every one was fed on the produce of his own farm; game was still abundant, and as their style of dress was according to a very primitive order, it required little trouble to fashion.

Hoops were never dreamed of, and the airy fabrics worn in the present day would have been scorned in comparison with the substantial stuffs spun and woven by every family for its own use. There was, however, occasionally some talk about fashions; but this was only at rare intervals, when some traveling peddler wandered into the district and displayed his stock of bright-hued calicoes, of which he generally succeeded in leaving the greater part.

Nothing could be more different than their whole course of life from that of the present day. Forming a kind of fraternal community, their employments were almost recreations, so sympathized in were they by each other. The men assisted their neighbors in plowing-time and harvest; the women met in parties, thinking it no trouble to carry their wheels a mile or two, in order to spin together; and great was the emulation created by the trial of who could spin the finest yarn, weave the best cloth for their husband's wear, or arrange the most tasteful mixture of colors in the woolen plaids for their own. As we have before stated there were no turnpikes, so also there were no wheel carriages except carts and farm-wagons; yet never was any church better attended than the low-roofed one built of gray stone, just at the edge of the forest.

As duly as the Sabbath came round, a goodly cavalcade would be seen advancing toward the house of prayer. The wife felt herself very respectable, seated on a pillion behind her husband; the sister was mounted behind her brother; every horse was thus doubly laden, and where the family was very large, the patient animal sometimes carried three; but lest it should be supposed that the poor creatures were subject to the rule of unmerciful masters, we must confess that the triple load was composed of children.

Will our fair readers believe us when we tell them that, notwithstanding the kind of primitive fraternity we have tried to describe, there was yet an aristocracy at this primitive settlement? Smile not, fair reader, at the idea of aristocracy dwelling in log cottages, or wearing homespun cloth or tough cow-hide boots. Human nature is always

the same, in the primitive settlement as well as the crowded city; and there were those in that simple community who asserted their right to "live above other people," and having done so, nobody seemed to question their pretensions, but accorded them the privilege of holding their heads a little higher than common, provided they did not do it *too* unbecomingly. There were five or six families who, all of Welsh descent, kept on perfectly good terms with each other. Of these, two—the Joneses and Morgans, dwelling on Stradfin Ridge and Dumpling Hill—particularly prided themselves on their ancient descent. Mrs. Jones, going back to a period "before history was invented," as she said, was, perhaps, a shade or two prouder than her neighbor; but as it had for a long time been a favorite plan to unite the young branches of the two houses, they were less rivals than friends.

Most of the families dwelt in houses built of logs and mortar. The dwellings of the Morgans and Joneses were of rough gray stone—one storied only, but with a very steep roof, and very long. Dark-hued doors and windows they boasted of in plenty; but the wood-work, quite innocent of any thing so modern as paint, gave undoubted testimony of the antiquity so prized by their owners. Mrs. Jones, however, had one great advantage over Mrs. Morgan; namely, a well-smoked genealogy, in which her pedigree was fully set forth. This, framed, and hung up in the best parlor, was not to be gainsayed; and so it was not wonderful that she affected the supremacy of the neighborhood, and claimed it as her right.

It is a great thing to believe one's self great. Your timid, modest people, no matter how talented or deserving, creep through the world unnoticed, while folks like Mrs. Jones, who persuade themselves they are somebody, and act as if there could be no doubt of their claim to distinction, generally find people who, for reasons of their own, are ready to acquiesce in the opinion.

In character the two ladies were a good deal alike, except that Mrs. Morgan was the less haughty, and, being of a more mild and yielding temper, besides knowing that it would never do to quarrel, although Mrs. Jones sometimes said sharp things, peace had ever existed between them. Thus time rolled on pleasantly, marked only by the usual changes of birth and death; and the little community, unmolested by the restless spirit of the money-making world, were content to live just as their forefathers did, and raise their children in the strict manner themselves had been.

Observant of all the forms required by strict

morality, they believed themselves a very religious people. Grave and serious as those who dwell amid nature's grandeur mostly are, and outwardly honoring the claims of religion, they believed there were no better people in the world than themselves, and, while they sought to deal honestly with each other, and bring up their children in the way they should go, were satisfied with having done their duty, and cared for nothing more.

Mrs. Morgan had three children, two sons and a daughter—Mrs. Jones four; and although a severe and rigid disciplinarian, and never exhibiting the tenderness of a mother's heart toward her offspring, she was nevertheless not a little proud of her flock as she marshaled them for church, for which feeling she might be excused; for, indeed, their beauty was of no common stamp.

David Jones was no less rigid than his wife. He kept a very strict watch over his boys; and once when he saw Griffith, the youngest, laugh on Sunday, sent him to bed supperless.

Thus the families were growing up to maturity, and there was every prospect that they would tread in the footsteps of their parents. The Morgans, no less than the Joneses, were very happy in the prospect of the double alliance so long contemplated; and both rejoiced in the promise given by the steadiness and industry of their children. But in a country so progressive as ours, this state of things could not last. Change is the order of nature; light succeeds to darkness; the blossom yields its place to the fruit; the old makes way for the new, and each in its turn is welcome.

The effects of the Revolution had begun to operate long before in other places, and now the time was come when Dumpling Hill settlement must throw off her primitive character. The peddlers carried abroad accounts of its rich soil, its beautiful streams, and wealthy community, and gradually stragglers began to come in order to look round. A *tavern*—a "real abomination," old David Jones called it—was the first innovation. This was gradually followed by others. Towns sprung up, as if by magic, at no great distance, and the lovely features of Silvernook must also change. The beautiful forests began to disappear and the smoke of chimneys to meet the eye instead. A new mill was built; then a store set up; the plains were inclosed; the cows no longer required bells, and new settlers coming from a distance introduced new manners, which at first were by no means popular.

The Joneses and Morgans kept aloof, and

looked on the innovations with great displeasure. But what did that avail? As might be supposed, they soon began to take the place of the old usages, and ere long obtained full sway, and for no better reason than the one found irresistible in all ages; namely, that such and such was the fashion. Still, despotic as is this dispenser of "absurd innovations," her rule was for a long while and in a great degree limited. It was long before hollow courtesies and empty show became substitutes for sincerity and comfort; and it was not for years to come that its iron-souled dwellers yielded to this absolute monarch, and looked upon "fops, folly, and fandangoes" with more favor, if not respect, than they did upon the sturdy farmers who courted the knowledge of the "plow, loom, and anvil" as the best.

Among the stylish families who had come to Dumppling Hill, which the new settlers changed to Silvernook, was a Mr. Ellerby, a refined and gentlemanly man, who soon won the regard of his plain neighbors by the courtesy and gentleness of his manners. He had purchased a farm quite close to the Morgans, which he was improving, and seemed to take great pleasure in his new pursuit, as well as conciliating the community. Not so, however, the Trevanions and Tomkins, neither of whom, although refusing to associate with each other, condescended to mingle with the rustic community, which they considered as but half civilized, till they found out that the latter, although plain in exterior, had not only wealth, but were able to boast of being descendants of princely blood, and at the time of the Revolutionary Congress, had sent even from Dumppling Hill senators and diplomatists of whom the country was proud, although they wore coats of homespun cloth and most indescribable boots.

At length all, with the exception of the Trevanions, began to make advances, which were at first but coldly responded to. It has been said that human nature knows no barriers; and, although it seemed at one time there could be no social communion between the city-bred settlers and the original dwellers at Silvernook, it at last became plain that, for the comfort of both parties, the wall of prejudice heretofore existing must be broken down.

Years passed away, and matured the promise of the budding loveliness of the young Morgans and Joneses. We have as yet said little of them. Let us now introduce them in the order of their pretensions. First, as "head of the heap"—a favorite expression of the family—the Joneses. Two sons and two daughters promised to keep up the genealogical record; and now the double

marriages already spoken of as anticipated were expected to take place in the ensuing year, a plan on which the heads of both houses were bent, as it would keep the lands undivided and the blood pure. Gwineth and Winifred, as well as their brothers, Griffith and David, were certainly most beautiful representatives of the ancient race of which it was their boast to have sprung. The brothers were bold, adventurous, and hardy, their stalwart forms proclaiming them true children of their Cimbrian forefathers, who were "cradled in the home of the torrent and the storm," and like them bore something of the unyielding impress which nature has stamped upon their land. With very handsome features and well-formed persons, although on a large scale, there was nothing clownish, as might have been expected from the quiet seclusion in which they lived. Either would have been noticed in any company.

The sisters were of the same stamp. Rather too large in person, although most symmetrically formed, Gwineth was lovely beyond description, and when mounted on her fleet horse, she would dash like the wind over "bank, bush, and scaur." Giving the reins to her wild, reckless, and fun-loving spirit, she might well have represented the beautiful Penthesilia, whose perfect face conquered the bold Achilles, even at the moment when he claimed her as his captive. But with that perfect face and form there was no corresponding beauty in the inner shrine; the glorious casket inclosed no costly gem. A masculine, haughty, and imperious spirit had prevented her being a favorite with her family. Still, a "high temper," her mother said, would be "cured when she grew up," and so, as the family admired, if they did not love her, she went on in her own way. Winifred, however, with a very sweet face and sweeter temper, would have been the belle of the rustic neighborhood, had she not been so entirely eclipsed by the more dazzling beauty of her sister. But if the casket was less exquisitely fashioned, it contained a treasure whose costly value was more respectable. Less brilliant than her sister, and silent, she might have been considered tame; but there were depths in her heart yet to be fathomed—depths which can only once in a lifetime be awakened. No envy of the sister's blaze, that paled her lesser light, found a place in her bosom; but, content to move within her own orbit, and without pretension, she rendered, with all others, the homage claimed by the superior charms of Gwineth.

The strangers made the first overtures, which at first were but coldly met; but such is the power of natural, social sympathy, that all except



Mrs. Jones were induced to accept of invitations to tea-parties, and favor the advances of the strangers.

Tea-parties had not been common at Dumpling Hill; but when any gathering was gotten up, there was no distinction made in the invitation of the guests. The Gospel rule was observed; all were bidden to the feast; the laborer and his employer, the carter's wife as well as the haughty Mrs. Jones. The strangers could not understand this. The Ellerbys invited the Morgans and the Joneses, with some others, to a tea-drinking; but as the house would not hold the whole community, many took offense.

The Tompkinses invited the "natives" also. The Morgans went; but the young members of the Jones family were not permitted to accept the bidding; for their mother could not go. When all was over they found themselves in a dilemma. The Welsh pride which they so largely inherited would not suffer them to rest under an obligation to their upstart neighbors. The compliment must be returned, but not by a fashionable tea-party. They could not think of such a thing. They dare not break the social bond under which they had been so happy, and for which they believed there could no equivalent be found in any society in the world.

Their rooms were small. They dared not invite the newcomers only, and besides there were now too many incongruous ingredients in the little community to mingle harmoniously. But something must be done. Mrs. Morgan protested against the meanness of not entertaining in return, but at the same time lamented the difficulty, if not impossibility, of having so large a company as, not to give offense, must necessarily be invited.

"The Ellerbys are very nice people; and, for all I know, the Tompkinses, too," said she; "but I am sorry I accepted their invitations."

Mrs. Jones had greatly the advantage of her neighbor in the matter; she had not been at either party, whether in obedience to the dictates of her haughty spirit, or because of an angry tooth that caused her face to swell, and greatly disfigure her, we do not know. But now, when there was some trouble likely to accrue, she placed her refusal of the invitations on the score of disdaining to "mix with folks who knew nothing of their grandfathers," and was secretly glad of her neighbor's dilemma in not being able to plan a suitable return of the civilities.

"For my part, neighbor Morgan, I think we did very well before these interlopers came," said she, "and I do not see why we can not keep to our own ways, and let them go theirs."

"The Ellerbys are well enough, I suppose; but I heard Tom Maxwell say to my Griff, that he believed they only got up the tea-drinking to make a show of their silver service."

"I saw no silver service," said Mrs. Morgan. "Every thing was good, plain, and nice; that is, I mean dishes, and such like. But as to the eatables—dear help me! old Nancy Cadman, the carter's wife, set a supper at her last quilting frolic that beat it out and out. Not a chicken or turkey, nor pie or pudding of any kind. Plenty of cakes and kickshaws; but who cares for them? A dish of stewed chicken and flannel-cakes is worth more than all they had on the table; and, between ourselves, they must be poor housekeepers, for not a pickle nor preserve showed their sweet and sour faces on the occasion."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Jones, "they did not think it worth while to set down much or bring out the silver. I know they've got silver. They have great tea-parties among themselves, and then they *do* set the table. O, but I am glad I did not demean myself by going."

Mrs. Morgan bit her lip; but she was too proud to show any disturbance of temper. She knew her neighbor, as she said, "like a book," and that only while united would their influence be maintained in the community of Dumpling Hill. The lesser of the two presiding planets, she was, however, the brighter; for while she stood struggling with her rising passion, and bit her lips till the blood came, in order to smother the words of bitterness better left unspoken, a bright thought flashed up from some hitherto hidden fount of inspiration.

"I have it," said she, clapping her hands, as her neighbor thought, in a very undignified manner; "I've found it all out!"

"Found what out?" asked Mrs. Jones, drawing her tall figure to its utmost height. "Have you had any secret hidden from me?"

"O, dear me!" replied Mrs. Morgan, "I have only just hit upon a plan of entertaining all the Silvernook people and our Dumpling Hill folks, without packing them as tight in one place as bees in a hive."

"Feast them in your old barn, I suppose, as Sam Henry did the Mennonists at their last annual meeting!" said Mrs. Jones, contemptuously.

"No, indeed," replied Mrs. Morgan, very proudly, "not in our old barn, which, being rickety, might fall down, but in the open air. Harvest is now over, and we ought all to be thankful for the plenty we enjoy. Let us Dumpling Hill folks make an entertainment, and invite the strangers from Silvernook, as they call their place down

there, and every body for miles around. This will be showing hospitality and paying off debts at the same time."

Mrs. Jones mused. The idea struck her favorably. She would thus have an opportunity of seeing all the newcomers—she had quite as much curiosity as pride—without lessening her dignity by visiting or taking the trouble of making tea-parties for them; but although, from the first, quite decided as to the propriety of the measure, she thought proper to show some reluctance in giving an immediate consent.

"I will think over the matter," said she. "We ought not to be too hasty lest we have reason to repent our decision."

What length of time would have served for consideration was never ascertained; for no sooner was it named to the other dwellers of the hitherto quiet district than it took hold of every one. It spread like an epidemic, but was received with rather more favor. The young people declared that Mrs. Morgan deserved a real glorification for such a bright suggestion, and lost no time in examining the state of their wardrobes, or in using thread, needles, scissors, and pins, in order to bring out something new for the grand gala day. The old folks were not a shade less pleased, inasmuch as, by making it a general stock concern, it would save trouble and provisions, too; and the sapient old Nancy Cadman, considered the best cook in the community of Dumpling Hill, as well as being of Welsh blood, was not only a favorite, but, in all pertaining to culinary arrangements, regarded as an oracle, gave her opinion that "it was the very thing."

"It is far better to have it all *on order* one," said she; "for then there will be no danger of any one *mislistening* the others."

So it was settled, and Mrs. Jones had little time allowed for objections, the preparations for the feast, which was to be on a large scale, fully occupying the intervening ten days.

If we had time we would love to describe the spot selected for the sylvan repast; but as our recollection of the feast is even more vivid than of that of the beautiful landscape, and as most persons prefer the charms of a substantial meal to those of nature, we will say but little about the place, in order to reserve more space to tell of the feast.

The little settlement of Dumpling Hill was inclosed as a framework by the mountains which stretched away far and blue in the distance; a noble stream dividing it into two parts, marked it with distinctive features; on one side rose ridges of hills, bordered and crowned, from base to sum-

mit, with green forests, while the high banks were fringed with trees of many-hued verdure, which cast their dark and mottled shadows on the mirror-like surface of the calm stream below. On the opposite side were grass-covered flats, where only enough of nature's wildness remained to render them most acceptable retreats from the heat and glare of the summer's sun.

One of these spots had been selected as most suitable, not only because the most accessible, but as possessing an additional charm in a lovely spring that gushed out in silvery clearness from a pile of rocks, which Nature, as if kindly endeavoring to hide their roughness, had clothed in the richest garniture of vines and creeping plants.

Here rude tables were placed, but covered with the whitest of homespun "napery," as they called that which now, of finer texture, is termed damask, and loaded with an abundance common in new settlements, presented a most inviting appearance to a hungry company.

"Is it not positively formidable?" said one of the Miss Woodbes who had come from P. to visit their aunt Tompkins; "there is enough to victual two whole camp meetings. Is it not vulgar?"

They were, however, sufficiently wise to utter those remarks only to those who, like themselves, were silly enough to expect to find city usages in an out-of-the-way, almost backwoods settlement. But, however much they laughed at the vulgar prodigality of the feast, it is certain they were not a whit behind "the natives" in the discussion of the good things set before them. Dear reader, you can not imagine such a set-out as it was! The indescribable varieties of cake which, from short-bread down to ginger-snaps, were heaped up, like pyramids on brown platters, represented the dough family most largely. These again were flanked by whole tribes of pies, puddings, pickles, and preserves, so that, although it was to be wondered at where they came from, it was even a harder task to imagine how, if not all eaten, they were to be gathered up again. These being left on the table, just as their owners had placed them, served as a proper emblem of the present society at Dumpling Hill, each good of its kind, but strangely mingled together. Most gladly would we describe the minutiae of this redoubtable feast; but in mercy to our readers' patience we will spare them the detail. But we can not pass over the cooking process without a few words; for this was the crowning glory of the whole. The air was redolent with savory odors—"very appetizing," some said—sent up from a spot somewhat veiled from the vulgar gaze by a column of thin smoke, from behind which trans-

parent mistiness was seen the burly form of Nancy Cadman, whose province it was on this day to "work i' the fire."

"What could it be," asked the delicate Miss Tibbs of her brother, "that was so delectably odoriferous?"

He could not tell, but proposed that they should take the liberty of finding out; for it never once entered his wise head that he might not be well received, and they proceeded at once to headquarters. Nancy, however, irritable, no less as a Welsh woman than privileged to be so from her fiery occupation, was absolute in her smoky realm, and would suffer no intrusion.

"Just take your own self's off," said she, "and eat your meat when it is set before you."

Mr. Tibbs was at first disposed to persevere in his investigation; but a threatening look and an upraised pail of water, suggestive of damage to his coat, caused a speedy retreat. Old Nancy laughed, as, addressing Mary Ellersby, she said,

"I wish, Miss Mary, you would keep these mob quality away. They have no call to the place, any how."

"Who do you call mob quality?" asked Mary. "It is a term I have never heard used."

"Who should I mean," replied the irate Welsh woman, "but them fooltich girls with great nose-gays in their hands—'*buckets*;' I heard them call them. They came here just now to spy out fair-lies; and that fool of a young man with them, that never saw a pig roasting before. I hate these *furriners*," added she, her face growing redder as she basted the pig more vigorously, "coming here to ruin us all at Dumppling Hill, and calling nose-gays *buckets*, just to make fools of us. I do not mean you, Miss Mary, nor none of your folk; for you are not like the rest of the interlopers."

Mary promised to prevent any farther intrusion from the party with the huge bouquets; so the pig-roasting, shad-boiling, ham-frying, and coffee-making went on without any let or hinderance, and all was at last served up in the perfection of the primitive style, and good appetites were not wanting to give due honor to the feast.

Mr. Tibbs was somewhat disappointed in not seeing how the pig was roasted; but, being behind the scenes, we did, and we will explain the process to our readers as briefly as possible.

Charles Lamb tells that, in the early ages, the Chinese were ignorant of the luxury of roast-pig; for they ate their meat uncooked; but that on one occasion a house which the pigs shared in common with the owners, being burned down, the art of roasting or broiling was accidentally

discovered. After this time houses—which in the first seventy thousand ages were built of dry branches, and only cost the labor of a few hours—were so frequently burned in order that they might eat roast-pig without fear of punishment, that it attracted the notice of the public authorities. We have not time to dwell on the gradual progress of improvement; "but," says the witty writer whom we have quoted, "this was the origin of gridirons," and it is by such slow degrees that the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

For the beginning and progress of the invention, the dwellers of Dumppling Hill neither knew nor cared. It was enough for them that the pig could be roasted in the open air, and it was done quietly and as a matter of course. A square hole was dug in the earth, over which two iron crow-bars were laid; the pit was half filled with heated stones and live coals from a fire close by. The pig being placed upon this primitive gridiron, was broiled in due time, and, considered a dish of great elegance, always took the first place on the middle of the board, all the other dishes being ranged, without any regard to order, round it. At length all was ready; the brown pig placed on all fours, with a huge roasted potato in his mouth, occupied a large powder dish, and towered far above the pyramids of cake. Would that we could tell how he was discussed! All tasted, even the "*furriners*," who long after declared his memory—that is, the pig's—to be most odoriferous.

Nancy, now transferred from the place of cook to that of waiter, presided at the table; and while she handed the cups, which were filled from huge coffee-pots of the brightest tin, she had full time to watch the movements of the guests, and she profited by the opportunity. Her observation, however, rested mainly on the interlopers, and she drank in with greedy ears every word of their conversation, which she afterward retailed for the benefit of the Dumppling Hill folks.

"Did you ever," said Mr. Tibbs to his sister, "see such a *feet* Champetre?"

"No, never," answered the young lady, "it is most awfully vulgar. I intend to coax aunt Tompkins to let us get up a picnic in city style. We will invite a few of those savages, and let them see what elegance and refinement is. Here, old woman! bring me some of that sausage and ham. I never was so hungry before."

Nancy, who had not lost a word, did as she was desired, piling up the plate to a most unrefined fullness; but as the young lady made no



objection, the shrewd caterer remarked afterward to Mrs. Morgan that she supposed "she was victualing herself for weeks to come; and, indeed, all of them were unparagoned eaters; they did eat like forty."

This primitive picnic dinner was at last ended, and to the social enjoyment of this truly good meal succeeded a more kindly flow of feeling than the earlier meeting had promised. Mr. Tibbs declared the Jones and Morgan girls to be quite pretty looking, and condescended to make himself generally agreeable. His sister chose to be patronizingly kind, particularly to those who could boast of belonging to such old families as counted down to Noah. The Tompkinses, Curtises, and Adamases laid aside their airs of conscious superiority for the time, and sweet Mary Ellerby, always gentle, was just her own lovely self. Properly educated and naturally refined, although there might be much in the manners of these primitive neighbors either to laugh at or object to, she never did the one or the other. She knew too well how much hypocrisy is veiled by courtesy—how often hollow forms are substituted for solid worth, and she could admire the young farmers, buttoned up in their rough great coats, and their sisters, in homespun dresses, for the honest and open ingenuousness of their characters far more than the well-dressed and plausible but silly Mr. Tibbs and his pretending sisters, with their bad French and pert manners.

And now, the dividing line was fairly passed—this first picnic at Dumpling Hill, a trifling thing in itself, was to be the beginning of great changes in the community there. As we have already said, the good cheer of the sylvan repast having disposed all to good humor, it was forgotten that one party was interlopers and the other demi-savage, and so, entering on a new territory, they mingled together as friends. As is usually the case, prejudices began to lessen, and now, when no longer determined *not* to be pleased, it was wonderful how soon the parties began to discover the merit of each other.

Mr. Tibbs, "coming from the city," was supposed to be very elegant; indeed, it was precisely his own opinion. His sisters were, as they said, very superiorly educated, and the Miss Woodbes were certainly "finished." Would it not have been wonderful if the hearts of all the Dumpling Hill folks had remained proof against such irresistible and polished specimens of urbane elegance! and on this occasion they did the amiable so cleverly as to take the hearts of the young Joneses and Morgans entirely. Nor was the admiration confined to one side.

"Even Morgan, metamorphosed from a farmer into a manufacturer, [they talked about building factories as well as mills,] or city shopkeeper, a thing easily done, as, at his father's death, he would be rich, would be a perfect love of a fellow," said Miss Tibbs to her cousin Miss Woodbe, who agreed with her, at the same time declaring that he was not half as handsome as either Griff or David Jones, who would be irresistible if they were not so ridiculously bashful.

Mr. Tibbs expressed it as his "confirmed opinion that Miss Gwinney Jones was very pretty, and could be polished and made a fine lady of in city society?" Miss Tompkins declared that Dave, or Taff Jones's beauty was the smallest part of his merit. Your meritorious people, she urged, are always bashful; and so the *furriners* began their designs on the unsuspicious natives, but with what success remains to be told.

They were in the full tide of enjoyment, Mr. Tibbs believing himself the bright particular star whose glory dimmed all others, when, behold! a mighty rival appeared on the field. Advancing from the shady nook where Nancy Cadman was still buttering and baking for every body, a tall, dark-hued, but singularly elegant-looking young man, was seen bending his way toward the laughing and happy group, among whom were our Dumpling Hill beauties.

Evan Morgan and David Jones started up to meet and give him a hearty welcome, after which he was introduced as Mr. Galvis Trevanion to the admiring party, some of whom at once became so blinded by his radiant presence that they could see nothing else. We dare not linger to tell of all that was said, looked, or done. The stranger continued in high favor. Indeed, the whole party had become so delighted with each other, that when the sun, sinking behind the mountains, heralded the approach of night, they could not resolve to part, and almost at once accepted of an invitation from Miss Tompkins to pass the remainder of the evening at her father's house, which was close by. The elder portion of the company had gone home; so the young folks of Dumpling Hill assumed the responsibility, and went without leave-asking. Mr. Tompkins was a very good-natured man, generally sacrificing his own comfort to the demands of his wife and daughters; and now, although very tired, and wishing to sleep, never grumbled one word about the noise, which was very disturbing. What do you suppose it was, dear reader? Miss Tompkins had an old-fashioned piano, on which she did not play, but Miss Tibbs did. Such a display as she made was worth going a mile to see. She

seated herself at the instrument, rocked first to the right, then to the left, leaned forward, then backward, and began with a crash which threatened destruction to the strings. Then the right hand set off on a canter on the lower keys, and the left, as if determined not to be exceeded, came after it at a rate that promised to distance it altogether, and then suddenly it hopped right over the other, and "flung it off the track." After this racing and chasing—worse than that over Cannabie Sea—they brought up at last in a kind of parley, and the lady and her brother began to sing without voices, but to an accompaniment, a popular duet. In what language, however, none present had the least idea. Miss Tibbs had a very squeaking voice, if, indeed, voice a simple utterance could be called, and Mr. Tibbs's was so very deep a bass that there was no possible chance of ever getting it up when it once got down. Gwynn Jones afterward described the song as being one-half crowed and the other growled; but she was no judge of fashionable singing. If perseverance in this case was a virtue, they deserved credit; for the duet was regularly carried on to the end. Miss Tibbs sung her part without any reference to her brother, and won the race, coming out about four bars ahead.

Loud plaudits followed the performance, elicited less, perhaps, by the music than the perfect self-possession of the performers, who really imagined they had performed an uncommon feat, which they certainly had. The auditors, with the exception of two, were too much wonder-stricken to make any remark, Mr. Galvis only inquiring of Mr. Tibbs if he could bring music out of a gong, and Nancy Cadman, who, with her usual democratic license, had included herself in the invitation and was looking on. "My goodies!" said she, "why, what queer people they be!" To call a barbecue a shampeter, and such a crowing and growling, music; poor Dumpling Hill must soon come to an end with such doings.

These few criticisms of Nancy were received by some with dubious expression of countenance, and by others with an ill-suppressed titter. Thus the minutes sped their flight noiseless and almost uncounted.

The moon, as the party separated, shone down in silvery brightness, illuminating the shadowy glades of the woodland, or making the long reaches of the cleared paths as bright as day. Mrs. Jones lectured her young people very seriously on the propriety of staying out so late; but they had had so much pleasure during the day that they took it very patiently. And so,

dear reader, closed the bright summer day—so ended the first picnic of Dumpling Hill; but with the hours that marked its existence, so passed not away the effect it left behind. It formed an epoch in the annals of Dumpling Hill, which are as yet unobliterated, disturbing the calm current of the life that had hitherto flowed without obstruction, and formed but another commentary on the changeful nature of all sublunary bliss. Who could have imagined what that lovely day was to bring forth, the sun smiling on its morning and marking its close so calmly?

We will, however, not anticipate; but if our readers are not wearied out with the Joneses and Morgans, we will at a future time give them another "Legend of Dumpling Hill."

### THE NEW BIRTH.

BY H. N. POWERS.

Yes, all is plain! I see,  
I live, I am made free!  
O Love, my new-found guest!  
Sweet calm, and sweetest rest!  
Where shall I go, what say

In this rare morn which is true life's first day?

All round are odors blown,  
And with faint undertone,  
Soft music pants in all the colored air.  
The waters call in many a flowery stream;  
Old woodlands murmur in their fresh May dream;  
The earth is very fair,  
And all the tender, melting sky  
Throbs deep on deep deliciously;

But I have tasted something more divine.

I see a glory brighter than the May;  
I hear what seraphs to each other say;  
A heavenly heart is throbbing against mine,  
And Love's warm arms around my spirit twine.  
These earthly blossoms can not make my crown;  
Celestial sounds this earthly music drown.  
The way before me now is new and sweet,  
And hallowed by Emanuel's sacred feet.

O Savior, Jesus, it is all of Thee—  
This peace, this hope, this light, in which I see  
Thy perfect love and my infirmity.

All, all of thee—the guilt removed,  
The joy that springs from being loved,  
The faith that lives in one embrace,  
And looks forever on thy face.

Nearer and nearer, Lord, and nearer still!

Thy work began, fulfill;  
Let all my life be molded to thy will.  
Thou knowest how I aspire;  
Take all my young desire,  
Hope, heart, and mind—my being's deepest deep;  
Take all, and nurse, and keep,  
Till my whole soul to Love's full flower is blown,  
And Love's full flower to perfect fruit is grown.

## LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.\*

BY ALICE CARY.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

THIS period was, perhaps, of all the years of her life the gayest and most worldly, notwithstanding the continually extreme delicacy of her health, and the frequent attacks of severe indisposition. Owing partly to more agreeable employments, partly to the inadequacy of her health, she gave into other hands the more laborious part of her school duties, reserving still her supervision, and passing most of the time in visiting New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, and making the personal acquaintance of many literary men and women, who, to the end of her life, continued her steadfast friends.

The winter of 1846 she was induced to pass in Philadelphia, hoping some benefit to her health from its genial atmosphere. There, in December, she was introduced to the missionary, Judson, who was at that time receiving the honor of all the Churches, having but recently returned from the east, where his services to religion and the world had been so eminently effective. This first introduction was followed by other visits, having for their object the hope of persuading her to write the history of his second wife, who, as her biographer says, "had left him alone in the ship in which they had started together to visit their native country." Is it any wonder that she loved him for the sorrows he had borne, and that he loved her that she did pity them?

Says her biographer, "When the apostle of the Burmas described, in glowing sentences, and with all his fine enthusiasm, the condition of the missionary field, white with the harvest which so few were reaping, she kindled at the recital, and, forgetting her fair prospects of success in letters and the dearest ties of home affections, determined to twine, for the laurel which she cast, a wreath from these fields in the orient, the grains in which should be stars to circle her brows forever, and by their radiance to make more glorious the looked-for triumph of the harvester of the world."

Early in the spring she returned to the little homestead in Hamilton, to make preparations for departure, and to take leave of its dear inmates. It was at this time she wrote the following lines, addressed to her father:

"O, happy were those days, father,  
When, gathering round thy knee,  
Seven sons and daughters called thee sire;  
We come again—but three.

The grave has claimed thy loveliest ones,  
And sterner things than death  
Have cast a shadow on thy brow—  
A sigh upon thy breath.

And one, one of the three, father,  
Now comes to thee to claim  
Thy blessing on another lot,  
Upon another name;  
Where tropic suns forever burn,  
Far over land and wave,  
The child whom thou hast loved would make  
Her hearth-stone and her grave.

Thou'lt never wait again, father,  
Thy daughter's coming tread;  
She ne'er will see thy face on earth,  
So count her with the dead;  
But in the land of life and love,  
Not sorrowing as now,  
She'll come to thee, and come, perchance,  
With jewels on her brow.

Let nothing here be changed, father;  
I would remember all,  
Where every ray of sunshine rests,  
And where the shadows fall.  
And now I go; with faltering foot  
I pass the threshold o'er,  
And gaze through tears on that dear roof,  
My shelter nevermore."

Her marriage with Dr. Judson took place on the 2d of June, 1846, and on the 11th of the July following, she left home, and friends, and country, and sailed with him for Burmah. The voyage was very tedious, lasting till the 13th of November, when she had once more the happiness, though a stranger among strangers, of planting her feet upon the good old earth.

Trials and afflictions, which she had not foreseen, awaited her—among them, soon after her arrival at Maulmain, the loss of all her dresses, books, souvenirs, and other necessities and cherished gifts brought with her from home, and rendered a thousand times more dear by distance and association, than, under other circumstances, they could have been.

This misfortune was followed by others; but all the accumulated weight of trial and suffering were not enough to induce her to look back with regret to the life of comparative ease she had left behind, or forward with shrinking and fear to the duties of difficult performance, and hardship sore to meet. To her strange and perplexing task she went as to her familiar work, armed with the Christian's patience and the martyr's endurance.

In the June of 1847 the memoir of Mrs. Sarah Judson was completed, and sent home for publication. On its appearance in print it met the most cordial approbation of her friends and the public, as a sale of more than forty thousand copies attested.

\* Concluded from page 234.



In the December of the succeeding winter, her child, Emily Frances, was born—an event which she celebrated in the following lines, entitled, “My Bird,” so widely copied and so much admired at the time of their first publication in this country :

“Ere last year’s moon had left the sky,  
A birdling sought my Indian nest,  
And folded—O, so lovingly!—  
Its tiny wings upon my breast.  
From morn till evening’s purple tinge,  
In winsome helplessness she lies;  
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,  
Shut softly on her starry eyes.  
There’s not in Ind a lovelier bird;  
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;  
O God, thou hast a fountain stirred  
Whose waters never more shall rest.  
This beautiful, mysterious thing,  
This seeming visitant from heaven,  
This bird with the immortal wing,  
To me, to me thy hand has given.  
The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,  
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;  
This life which I have dared invoke,  
Henceforth is paralleled with thine.  
A silent awe is in my room;  
I tremble with delicious fear;  
The future with its light and gloom,  
Time and eternity are here.  
Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;  
Hear, O my God, one earnest prayer!  
Room for my bird in paradise,  
And give her angel plumage there!”

It was not long, however, that she could sing,

“Broad earth holds not a happier nest;”

for in the beginning of 1850 the health of Dr. Judson began to fail, and early in April it was thought advisable that he should undertake a long sea voyage, the only hope of restoration seeming to be reduced to this experiment. He accordingly embarked for the Isle of France, and on the ninth day afterward ceased to be of the earth. The religious world mourned for a great and good man; but when the news was told to the devoted wife, her anguish must have been almost overwhelming. Nothing but trust in our Father and faith in the resurrection could have helped her through these deep waters of affliction.

It was during the absence of her husband on this voyage, and before the news of his death had reached her, that the following exceedingly touching and tender lines were addressed to her mother :

“The wild south-west monsoon has risen  
On broad, gray wings of gloom,  
While here, from out my dreary prison,  
I look as from a tomb,

Alas !

My heart another tomb.

Upon the low-thatched roof the rain,  
With ceaseless patter, falls;  
My choicest treasures bear its stain;  
Mold gathers on the walls.  
Would Heaven

‘T were only on the walls !

Sweet mother, I am here alone,  
In sorrow and in pain;  
The sunshine from my heart has flown,  
It feels the driving rain—

Ah me !

The chill, the mold, and rain.

Four laggard months have wheeled their round  
Since love upon it smiled;  
And every thing of earth has frowned  
On thy poor, stricken child,  
Sweet friend,  
Thy weary, suffering child.

I’d watched him, mother, night and day,  
Scarce breathing when he slept,  
And as my hopes were swept away,  
I’d in his bosom wept;  
O God !

How had I prayed and wept !

They bore him from me to the ship,  
As bearers bear the dead;  
I pressed his speechless, quivering lip,  
And left him on his bed;

Alas !

It seemed a coffin-bed.

Then, mother, little Charley came,  
Our beautiful, fair boy,  
With my own father’s cherished name;  
But O, he brought no joy !

My child

Brought mourning, and no joy.

His little grave I may not see,  
Though weary months have sped,  
Since pitying lips bent over me,  
And whispered, “He is dead !”

Ah me !

‘T is dreadful to be dead !

I do not mean for one like me,  
So weary, worn, and weak;  
Death’s shadowy paleness seems to be  
Even now upon my cheek—

His seal

On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him  
To hush his joyous song,  
And, prisoned in a coffin dim,  
Join death’s pale, phantom throng—

My boy

To join that grisly throng !

O mother, I can scarcely bear  
To think of this to-day !  
It was so exquisitely fair—  
That little form of clay—

My heart

Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more,  
Come thickly-gathering tears,  
My star of faith is clouded o'er;  
I sink beneath my fears,  
Sweet friend,  
My heavy weight of fears.  
O, should he not return to me,  
Drear, drear must be my night;  
And, mother, I can almost see,  
Even now, the gathering blight.  
I stand  
As stricken by the blight.  
O, but to feel thy fond arms twine  
Around me once again!  
It almost seems those lips of thine  
Might kiss away the pain—  
Might soothe  
This dull, cold, heavy pain!  
But, gentle mother, through life's storms  
I may not lean on thee;  
For helpless, cowering, little forms  
Cling trustingly to me;  
Poor babes!  
To have no guide but me!  
With weary foot and broken wing,  
With bleeding heart and sore,  
Thy dove looks backward sorrowing,  
But seeks the ark no more;  
Thy breast  
Seeks never, never more!  
Sweet mother, for the exile pray,  
That loftier faith be given,  
Her broken reeds all swept away,  
That she may lean on Heaven—  
Her soul  
Grow strong in trust of Heaven!"

It is hard for those less good and pious than Mrs. Judson to understand how she "could bind her heart away from breaking with a cerement from the tomb," and resolve to live on in her desolate home, working and praying alone in that field of labor to which she had gone with so strong a helper. This resolution was broken down by the utter failure of health to sustain her usefulness in the mission, and in the autumn following the death of her husband she was advised by her physicians of the danger of her not surviving another rainy or winter season in the country in which she was. She, therefore, bade farewell to her Burman home, and proceeded to Calcutta, and in the January of 1851 sailed for London, and early in the following October, after an absence of five years and three months, reached her native country.

The first object of her solicitude—having visited her kindred at Hamilton—was the memoir of her husband, then in course of preparation by President Wayland; and, in order to lend him her assistance, she passed several months in Providence. This work completed, she prepared and

gave to the public, in 1852, a collection of poems, under the title of "An Olio of Domestic Verses," and the next year, "The Kathayan Slave, and other Papers connected with Missionary Life," which was followed by "My Two Sisters, a Sketch from Memory." To the preparation of this work she gave her latest literary energies, her health steadily declining from the time of its completion, and, on the 1st of June, 1854, at Hamilton, in the thirty-seventh year of her age, her "little life was rounded by a sleep." Among her mourners were thousands who had never seen her face.

The longest of Mrs. Judson's poems is entitled, "Astaroger; or, the Maid of the Rock," and, though more ambitious, is less known and less meritorious than her shorter and more spontaneous effusions, some of which are imbued with a tenderness and pathos that go directly to the heart, and make it wiser as well as sadder. Indeed, her best productions have their inspiration in strong domestic affections, combined with a spirit of religion, alike fervid and trustful. She was solemn, graceful, and emotional, rather than imaginative; and having once determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ, she never faltered, or looked back, or turned aside even to hunt for splendors with which to adorn the natural simplicity of her diction. Refinement belonged to her nature, and a delicate and apprehensive fancy joined to her own thoughts whatever was beautiful in the outward world, so that an exquisite charm pervades every thing she wrote, even the versed trifles which were, perhaps, little more than pastimes. Of these there are enough, scattered through her prose works, or printed only in periodicals, to make a volume larger than the one entitled the Olio.

"O, earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O, men, with wailing in your voices!  
O, shining gold, the wailer's heap!  
O, strife, O, curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,  
And giveth his beloved sleep!"

## DUTY.

DUTY is above all consequences, and often, at a crisis of difficulty, commands us to throw them overboard. It commands us to look neither to the right, nor to the left, but straight onward. Hence, every signal act of duty is altogether an act of faith. It is performed in the assurance that God will take care of the consequences, and will so order the course of the world, that, whatever the immediate results may be, his word shall not return to him empty.

### PIZARRO AND THE CONQUEST OF PERU.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

NOT a few of the most striking characters that have appeared in the world's history have been produced by the emergencies of the times. The discovery of the American continent by Columbus, in 1492, opened up a world of adventure, and presented such incitements to exploration and conquest, or settlement, as had never been dreamed of before. The result was a succession of heroes and adventurers, whose extraordinary achievements, whether we consider the hardihood and daring manifested, or the magnitude of the results that followed, find no parallel in human history. Little more than a quarter of a century had elapsed after the discovery by Columbus, before the ancient kingdom of Mexico, and also the Central American states, as far south as Panama, had been subjected to the condition of provinces, and made tributary to the Spanish empire.

When Charles V demanded of Hernando Cortes who he was, the conqueror of Mexico replied, "I am one who has given you more provinces than your ancestors have left you towns." Although royal pride was offended with the bluntness of the speech, it could not gainsay its truth. But Panama could not set bounds to Spanish conquest any more than the plundered provinces of Mexico and Central America could satisfy the rapacity of their conquerors.

From the time that Balboa had first crossed the isthmus, in 1513, and plunged into the waves of the Pacific, claiming the sovereignty of that ocean for the crown of Castile, they had not ceased to hear of the powerful nations still further to the south, abounding, to an almost incredible degree, in gold and all the riches of civilization. These accounts at once stimulated the spirit of adventure, and gave additional keenness to the rapacity of the adventurers. But there were difficulties in the way of conquest. These powerful and opulent empires were remotely situated; and between them and Panama intervened a vast tract of country, which, with its dark and tangled forests, its continual and heavy rains, and its fearfully-pestilential climate, furnished, for the time, an insuperable barrier to the further progress of the Spaniards in that direction.

These difficulties were at length overcome, and the conquest effected by one who, in daring enterprise and brilliant success, as well—we are sorry

to add—as in rapacity and violence, is surpassed only by the conqueror of Mexico. We refer to Francisco Pizarro. He was the illegitimate son of a Spanish colonel, whose name he assumed, and was born in the city of Truxillo, in Estremadura, Spain, about the year 1575. His early occupation was that of a swineherd, and he grew up neglected and without education—not being even taught to read or write. But his spirit was too ardent and daring to be contented with the low condition in which he was born; and his attention naturally turned toward the New World as opening to him an inviting field where he might better his condition.

In 1509 a grant, or patent, was given to a Spanish gentleman named Ojeda, of the country from Cape de Vela to the Gulf of Darien, and an expedition sent out from Spain to effect its settlement. The expedition failed, and most of the adventurers perished within a single year. The remnant, after incredible hardships and exposures, effected a precarious settlement at Santa Maria, on the Gulf of Darien, under the leadership of Balboa. For many years it was little more than a continued struggle for existence and defense. Pizarro was one of Ojeda's party, and subsequently shared the fortunes of the survivors. In this school of adversity and hardship he received that training which prepared him to subjugate a new empire to the dominion of the Spanish crown.

In 1524 Pizarro, with two others, adventurers like himself, formed a plan of visiting and conquering the long-coveted lands of gold and of untold opulence in the south. The other partners in this enterprise were Diego de Almagro, a brave soldier, possessed of some wealth, but of parts inferior to Pizarro, and Hernando Luque, an ecclesiastic who had officiated in the double capacity of priest and schoolmaster in the settlement at Santa Maria, and had also, by some means, accumulated considerable wealth. Each agreed to risk his whole fortune in the enterprise; and as Pizarro had least to offer in the way of available means, he offered to take the post of labor and danger, and command the expedition. It is a strange commentary on the times, that this compact, which contemplated wholesale robbery and murder, was ratified by the most solemn religious sanctions.

The first expedition, with Pizarro at its head, consisted of one hundred and twelve men, and commanded only one small vessel. They commenced their voyage at an unfavorable season, and their progress southward was impeded, by head winds. The country along the Terra Firma coast was peculiarly uninviting, being covered with

\* South America and Mexico. 1826. By a Citizen of the United States.

Conquest of Peru. 1847. By W. H. Prescott.



impervious forests, or swamps exhaling noxious vapors. The crowded state of the vessel, the scarcity of victuals, and the unhealthiness of the climate, produced their natural effects of disease, suffering, and death. Almagro followed with a reinforcement of seventy men. But, amid their discouragements, the leaders failed to diffuse their own courage and determination into the hearts of their followers. First discontent, and then despair, succeeded to discouragement. Instead of rapine and plunder, they found only suffering and want.

Landing the main body of his force upon the island of Gallo, Pizarro sent back his confederate for supplies. In the mean time Padrarias had been succeeded by Rios in the governorship of Panama. The latter, unwilling to have the settlement weakened by the departure of additional men, and having little faith, perhaps, in the enterprise, not only prohibited Almagro from raising recruits, but sent a vessel to bring home Pizarro and his men. Now was the time of trial, the point on which poised the destiny of the future conqueror of Peru. He resolutely refused to return, and employed all the eloquence of which he was master, to induce in his men a like determination. He then drew a line east and west upon the sand with his sword, and concluded his speech in this laconic style, "Friends and comrades! on *that side*," pointing to the south side, "are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on *this side*, ease and pleasure. *There* lies Peru with its riches; *here*, Panama with its poverty. Choose, each man, what becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." Thirteen only followed him across the line, resolved to share the fortunes of their brave leader. The rest immediately sailed for Panama.

Pizarro now established himself on the island of Gorgona, and there the little band spent several months, tortured with alternating hopes and fears, and suffering every thing short of death from want and exposure in a most unhealthy climate. Darkness lowered over the fortunes of the dauntless adventurer; but never once did he waver in his purpose or despair of its accomplishment.

At length a vessel arrived from the Governor to convey them back to Panama. But Pizarro's power over, not only his own followers, but also the crew of the vessel, was such that they were all induced to follow his fortunes. Instead of returning, they bore away for the coveted land of gold, and twenty days brought them in sight of the long-sought object of their search. They touched at several points along the coast, and finally landed

at Tumbez, where a palace of the Incas and a magnificent temple dazzled their eyes and inflamed their cupidity. "The fertility of the country, the improvements, civilization, and wealth of the inhabitants were now, for the first time, fully unfolded to the view of the Spaniards; the rich stuffs, in which many of the inhabitants were clad, the ornaments of gold and silver which adorned their persons, and the more massive and splendid ornaments of the precious metal which enriched their temples, and even the common utensils composed of gold and silver, attracted their enraptured vision, convinced them that their proudest dreams were realized, and that at last they had discovered the land of Ophir, the country of gold. They feasted their eyes and their hopes on these inviting objects, and gazed till they almost imagined themselves masters of the country, and possessed of all the wealth they saw and coveted." They were, however, too weak to attempt any settlement, or to act upon the offensive, and were compelled to satisfy themselves with sailing along the coast, and obtaining a few specimens of the gold and manufactures of the Peruvians, and also several llamas, to be exhibited on their return. They also took with them two Peruvian youths, who were destined to become their future interpreters.

Three years had now elapsed since the joint partnership to conquer an empire had been formed, and when Pizarro returned to Panama, all their resources were exhausted. To add to their embarrassment, the Governor remained inexorable in his opposition. Yet, animated by the faint gleam of hope that still shone upon their enterprise, they determined to battle against their adverse fortunes to the end. A new compact was entered into, with additional religious solemnities.\* Pizarro was to be Governor, Almagro, Lieutenant-Governor, and Luque, Bishop of the conquered realm.

With this mutual understanding, Pizarro proceeded to Spain, and here obtained ready permission to conquer the coveted empire. But his unbounded ambition led him to grasp both the governorship and the lieutenant-governorship for himself. As the spiritual functions coveted by Luque did not interfere with the temporal rule, that worthy functionary was duly appointed to the bishopric yet to be established by violence

\* Pizarro and Almagro bound themselves by an oath administered on the misal; and the whole was ratified by administering the sacrament, Father Luque dividing the wafer into three parts, and administering one to each.

and blood. The territory which was to enjoy the blessings of this temporal and spiritual rule, was described as extending six hundred miles along the coast south from the river St. Jago. That his Christian Majesty of Spain and his Christian Popeship at Rome could, by any casuistry, be led to sanction this wholesale robbery and murder on any grounds of Christian ethics, even in that dark age, seems absolutely incredible. But we cease to be incredulous when we find its perfect parallel even in this enlightened nineteenth century. The enterprise of Pizarro was "a great missionary institution," designed to bring the outcast heathen to the knowledge of the true faith! And so, the foulest crime that blackens the earth in the present day is attempted to be justified, and that, too, by Christian men—Heaven save the mark!—on the plea that it is "a great missionary institution!" As the bloodthirsty cruelty and unrelenting rapacity of the Spaniard converted Peru, so that system of rapine, and blood, and of untold, heartless cruelty, that has despoiled one quarter of the globe of so many of her sons, and caused the clank of the chain and the sigh of the oppressed to go up before God from so many lands, is only a glorious and merciful scheme for the redemption of Africa, the civilization of her sons, and their conversion to Christianity! In such missionary work as this, who should be the agents—men of prayer, or, fiends from hell?

But Pizarro not only succeeded in getting the sanction of the King and the Pope, but he enlisted the co-operation of substantial friends in the enterprise. Among them was Cortez, who had amassed immense wealth in his own enterprises in the New World, and who now advanced a supply of money to aid in the newly-projected enterprise. Three of Pizarro's brothers, Ferdinand, Juan, and Gonzalez, and his uncle, Francisco de Alcantara, and others, attached themselves to his fortunes.

When Pizarro returned to Panama, he found that, in his rapacity, he had overreached himself. Almagro was incensed at his treachery and selfishness, and not only thwarted the plans and obstructed the preparations of Pizarro at home, but also undertook to fit out a rival expedition. Pizarro was brought to terms, and made friends with Almagro, by giving to him the lieutenantancy according to the contract.

But, with their united efforts, three small vessels were all they could procure, and they succeeded in securing only one hundred and eighty adventurers to engage in the expedition. Of these thirty-six were horsemen. With this little band Pizarro did not hesitate to invade an empire,

whose population was numbered by millions. Almagro remained to collect reinforcements.

At this period the empire of the Incas extended along the shores of the Pacific from about two degrees north latitude to thirty-seven degrees south latitude. It comprised the kingdoms of Quito and Northern Chili. At some points the ridges of the Andes, which here reached its greatest altitude, formed its eastern boundary; at others, its territory extended across those mountain ridges, including a wild and picturesque country beyond. Throughout all this vast region a progress in civilization had been attained, which was even more astonishing to the Spaniards than the abundance of gold, which here surpassed all former conceptions.

After a voyage of thirteen days Pizarro entered the Bay of St. Matthew. Here he landed, and commenced his march southward. Soon after, he surprised a Peruvian town, in which he found such incredible quantities of gold and silver as utterly amazed his men; but instead of satisfying their rapacity, it inflamed it to perfect madness. Nearly forty thousand dollars were sent back in one of the vessels to Almagro, to enable him to procure recruits. Another vessel was also dispatched to Nicaragua. The effect was instantaneous; an immense excitement was produced, and several reinforcements speedily joined the invaders. At the head of these recruits were Sebastian Benalcara and Hernando de Soto, both officers of great reputation.

Pizarro now continued his march along the coast. Surprised and terrified at the sudden advent of their invaders, as well as by their formidable appearance and more formidable implements of warfare, the inhabitants offered little or no resistance to their progress. They either fled, or sued for peace, which was purchased by the most astounding sacrifices of gold and silver.

An ordinary robber might have been satisfied with the possession of the almost exhaustless riches of the city of Tumbes, visited on the first voyage of the Spaniards; but the ambition of Pizarro could be satisfied only by the reduction of an empire. Delaying a short time at that city, he pushed on to the river Piura, near the mouth of which he established and fortified a Spanish post, which he called St. Michael. This was to be his port of entry, and also his place of refuge in case of defeat. Here he left a small garrison; and, without waiting for further reinforcements, advanced directly toward the heart of the Peruvian empire.

The reigning Inca, Atahualpa, was lulled to security by the pretense that Pizarro came as the

embassador of a powerful monarch beyond the waters, and not with any hostile intentions—a security illy warranted by the pillage already experienced by his subjects along the coast. Yet, deceived by these professions, Atahualpa not only allowed them to advance without opposition, but sent them presents as evidence of his friendship. The mistake of the Inca probably resulted partly from a little imperial vanity that his fame had extended across the waters, and attracted the attention of the great king, and partly from his overweening confidence in his own power, which he imagined invincible. Similar self-delusions have often inspired and overthrown both wiser and meaner men.

Caxamalca was the seat of the imperial court at that time. When Pizarro reached the city he immediately took possession of a large court, on one side of which was a palace of the Incas, and on the other a temple of the sun, the whole being surrounded by a wall of earth. Here he was not only guarded against surprise, but admirably posted for defense. The fate of the enterprise was now poised upon the results of a few hours.

The campaign of Pizarro had been planned after the model of Cortez, and he intended to prosecute that plan even to the seizure of the emperor, well knowing the effect it would have on the populace. Accordingly he dispatched his brother to inform Atahualpa of his arrival. The emperor announced his intention of waiting upon his visitors the next day.

The interview was conducted, on the part of the emperor, with great pomp and ceremony. He was borne on a throne covered with gold, and adorned with plumes and precious stones. Four hundred harbingers, dressed in the most gorgeous uniform, preceded him, bands of singers and dancers hovered around the royal personage, and an immense retinue of the principal men in the empire followed in the train, while the whole army, amounting to more than thirty thousand men, was drawn out upon the plain.

The Spaniards, drawn up in battle array—every one of them ready for the bloody conflict—awaited the royal approach with the utmost impatience. When the Inca came in front of their quarters, father Valverde, the chaplain of the expedition, stepped forward and commenced an address, which was interpreted to the emperor. In this speech he made some statement of Christianity, and especially of the spiritual and civil prerogatives of the Pope. Then he announced the grant made by the Pope to the King of Spain of all the countries of the New World, and concluded by calling upon the Inca to embrace the

Christian faith, and acknowledge his allegiance to the Spanish crown.

Atahualpa was astounded and filled with indignation at the arrogance of this address, and replied that he was master of his own dominions, that he held them by lawful inheritance, and should defend them as his own. He inquired how a priest, who knew nothing of the country, could claim a right to give it away. The worship of the sun, the great god of the country, was the religion that had also come down from his ancestors, and he would not relinquish it for the worship of the god of the Spaniards, who died like other mortals. "Where," exclaimed he, "did your priest learn these wonderful things?" "In this book," said father Valverde, reaching out his breviary. The Inca took it, turned over its leaves, and held it to his ear. "It don't talk; it don't say any thing!" exclaimed the emperor, and contemptuously threw it on the ground. The monk, filled with rage, called out to his countrymen, "To arms, Christians, to arms! The word of God is insulted: Avenge this profanation on these impious dogs!"

This was enough. Pizarro had hardly been able to restrain his impatience up to this moment. The word was given. The martial music struck up, and in an instant the air resounded with the roar of cannon and the peal of small arms. With resistless impetuosity, the horsemen bore down upon the assembled thousands, now completely petrified with astonishment. The infantry, too, sword in hand, rushed into their midst, spreading death and ruin all around. Pizarro, with a chosen band, rushed upon the Inca; and although his nobles crowded around him, and, with a defiant death-struggle, sought to defend him, they were borne down with immense slaughter, and Atahualpa was carried in triumph to the Spanish quarters, a prisoner.

The Peruvians, surprised at the suddenness of the attack, alarmed at the flash, the noise, and the deadly effects of the fire-arms, and not knowing but their foes were something more than human, gave themselves up to despair and confusion, and were slaughtered like sheep—more than four thousand being slain upon the field, without the loss of a single soldier of the invaders. The plunder was immense, and fairly turned the heads of the desperate and rapacious Spaniards. Thus was the first great drama in the reduction of the Peruvian empire completed.

The results that followed we can not better describe than in the language of the historian of the time. "The wretched monarch, removed in an hour from a throne to a prison, almost sunk



under a calamity so sudden and so tremendous. Had an earthquake shaken the Andes from its base, and swallowed up half his dominions, the calamity would not have appeared more sudden or terrible. Discovering, however, that an insatiable thirst for gold was the predominant passion of his oppressors, and apparently their only object in invading his country, he offered, as a ransom for his liberty, to fill the apartment in which he was confined—a room twenty-two feet in length and sixteen in breadth—as high as he could reach, with gold. Pizarro did not hesitate to accept this tempting offer, and a line was drawn round the walls, to fix more definitely the stipulated height to which the room was to be filled. Transported with the idea of obtaining his liberty, Atahualpa sent to Cuco, Quito, and other places, where gold had been collected for adorning the temples and palaces of the Incas, informing his subjects of the terms of his ransom, and ordering all the gold to be conveyed to Caxamalca for the purpose.

"The Peruvians, accustomed to obey implicitly the mandates of their sovereign, flocked in, from all parts of the empire, loaded with the precious metals, so that in a short time the greater part of the stipulated quantity was produced, and Atahualpa assured Pizarro that the residue would arrive as soon as there was time to convey it from the remote provinces. But such piles of gold so inflamed the avarice of the needy soldiery, that they could no longer be restrained, and Pizarro was obliged to order the whole to be melted down and distributed among his followers. The amount was equivalent to nearly \$16,000,000. The captive monarch, having performed his part of the contract, now demanded to be set at liberty. But the perfidious Spanish leader had no such intention, his only object being to secure the plunder; and he even meditated taking the life of his credulous captive, at the very time the latter was employed in amassing the treasures for his ransom. Atahualpa was subjected to a mock trial, and condemned to be burned. His last moments were embittered by friar Valverde, who, although he had used his influence to procure his condemnation, and sanctioned the sentence with his own signature, attempted to console him in his awful situation, and to convert him to Christianity. The only argument that had any influence on the trembling victim was that of mitigating his punishment, and on the promise of being strangled instead of being consumed by a slow fire, he consented to be baptized by the hand of one of his murderers, who exercised the holy functions of priest."

Some of Pizarro's men, finding themselves enriched beyond their most sanguine expectations, now determined to retire with their booty. To this Pizarro interposed no objection, wisely determining to retain, by force of authority, no unwilling followers in his camp, and also believing that the loss sustained by their departure would be more than made up by the multitudes of new adventurers, who would be stimulated to enter the field through their success. The result vindicated the wisdom of his course.

The subsequent movements of the conquerors of Peru, and the final fate of Pizarro, we are compelled to reserve to another paper.

### E. L. D.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

SHE is very old;

Her daughter's grandchild stands beside her chair,  
A gleeful maiden, like a lily, fair;  
Her thick, brown tresses in the sunshine wear  
Rich, changeful hues of gold.

The silvery hair,  
On which the frosts of ninety winters lie,  
Hath once a beauty worn that well might vie  
With those rich, lustrous locks, now drooping nigh  
In clustering ringlets rare.

The form so thin,  
So bent and shrunken now, wears not a trace  
Of likeness to the maiden's rounded grace,  
And yet it hath within this very place  
As full and beauteous been.

That furrowed cheek  
Once wore the sweet carnation's softest glow;  
That brow was like the freshly-fallen snow;  
Those eyes, then soft and bright, of joy, or woe,  
Or love, could gently speak.

Her step, so slow,  
Was like the fawn's light tread upon the lea;  
Her trembling voice was in its utterance free,  
Like wildwood music, like the melody  
The maiden warbles low.

O, it is sad  
That life, the boon so coveted, should glide  
So swiftly by—that vigorous strength and pride  
And radiant beauty should lie side by side,  
In death's cold vestments clad!

But sadder yet  
To linger here when every sense is dim,  
When each dull hour is like a funeral hymn,  
Chanting o'er all we've loved a requiem  
Of sorrow and regret—

To linger here  
When all our youthful friends have passed away,  
When not a smile that charmed our childhood gay  
Remains to bless life's lingering decay,  
Its drooping hopes to cheer—

No voice, not one,  
To count with us the joys of olden time,  
The hoarded memories of our happy prime;  
We feel like strangers in some foreign clime,  
Our work and journey done.

## THE SANCTITY OF CONSCIENCE—ROGER WILLIAMS.

BY J. D. BELL.

THE soul that is within every man entitles him to certain great rights. To live is one of these rights. To think, to feel, to believe are others. Cain had no business to take from Abel his power to breathe. No man has any business to claim any other man's brains. The soul which God gave to Casper Hauser made it a black crime to keep him locked up in a dungeon, from his earliest days, that he might never learn how to think. Not a man, or a Church, in all the world has any right to require men to believe so and so, and no otherwise. There is that in every person which he alone is entitled to be master of. It is his conscience. The Pope, who takes from a man his right of belief, is on the same footing with Cain, who took from Abel his right to breathe. Even God himself would not compel a soul to believe one thing rather than another. A man's conscience is as sacred as was the forbidden fruit of the first garden. You have nothing within you more precious than that. That is what gives you your main significance in those eyes which are eternally open. How do all natural and supernatural things conspire to keep you free to choose between the right and the wrong! You see no frowning brows looking to you from the skies in moments of temptation. The thunder never comes to your ears to *compel* you to listen. The lightning never flashes into your eye to *force* you to see. There are no countenances of angels for you to look into before you make your decision for good or for evil.

Is not this the reason why all the higher intelligences of the universe are invisible to us—that our consciences may ever be under our own control—that nothing from behind the veil which separates the human from the angelic, the created from the Creator, may ever drive us into one course of thought or life, rather than another?

Such is the sanctity of conscience.

Often and often has the sacredness of this attribute of the soul been violated below the sun. Through all the history of the Church I need not tell you how the preciousness of man's conscience has been despised and trampled upon, by just such Christians as were the priests and cardinals who persecuted poor Galileo two hundred years ago.

All religions are put to the test by this one question, whether the right of belief, whether the sacred power to choose between creeds, is at all entrenched upon or violated? Answer this ques-

tion affirmatively, in the case of any one religion, and you have killed that religion for me. And the reason is, that it is a question of philanthropy. It is asking to know how much of humanitarianism there is in this system of faith or that one—a thing of all things the most important to be known. Not a few men there are who appear to be misinformed of the absolute emptiness of piety when once it is made to ignore the broadest love of man. It is the chief beauty and excellence of religious devotion that it opens an ampler freedom to benevolent affections. How absurd and hateful do all creeds become the moment one finds them conflicting with the sentiment of philanthropy! Your Christian, who would think of serving God at the hazard of wronging man—what of the blessed Christ can there be in him? Let me shame all the sectarian saints in the world. Let me remind them how they are scorned, every day, by the good inhabitants of heaven. Let me hold before them the eleventh commandment, which is the commandment of love, and dare to tell them that if our Lord ever hesitates to send sunshine and rain upon the unjust, while he sends them upon the just, it is because such as they walk the earth, carrying in their faces a solemnity which he abhors. The truest lovers of God are ever the truest friends of man; and he who can cling to a creed which tends to contract his heart, is one for whom a heaven was never made, either below or beyond the skies. It is a matter of responsibility to a man how he believes, chiefly because his belief determines his treatment of men. That faith proves itself false which makes the soul of its believer more selfish or less generous. Some men live practically, it is true, in contradiction of their creeds. Their natural benevolence is not at the risk of their doctrines. Their hearts are larger than their opinions. So it was with Epicurus, with Hume, with Rousseau. But there are not many who can thus really divorce their creed from their conduct, and at the same time feel each to be consistent. As a man believes, so, generally, he will act, and his practice will determine how far his doctrines are reasonable. Bigots ever have souls as narrow as their tenets. The illegitimateness of their creeds shows itself in their sullen taciturnity or in their mouthings of malignant scorn. Always should you distrust the devoutness of that man who can exhibit a feeling of malice toward one who coolly ventures to differ from him on some chosen article of belief. When religion is separated from philanthropy, it assumes the form of dogmatism; and it is but natural that a man who has such a religion fairly fastened upon his soul,

should soon become so inveterately *dogged* as to treat all who dare to differ from him like dogs.

I can see through the dark ages now—clear through them. I can see how it was that men could bind their fellow-men to stakes, and see their precious flesh roast till it became juiceless and charred—how they could saw human bodies asunder, and bore out human eyes, and stretch human limbs on racks of torture, till their very bones were drawn out of the sockets in which they turned; and all this without feeling any more pity than the vulture of classic fable is represented to have felt when glutting itself on the liver of Prometheus! Here is the secret—there was no philanthropy inculcated in the religion of those infernal persecutors. O, my God! how much hast thou seen of grief and pain down here on the earth, which good and holy men have been doomed to suffer for daring to obey the dictates of their own consciences and make their own creeds, in spite of popish bulls and the mumbled mandates of parish beadies. Does it not tire your brain, my reader, to think of the thousands who have been pursued and hunted down, because they would not believe this and that, but would believe something else? Do you not shrug your shoulders with gloomy astonishment, when you reflect on those long eras of hierarchal despotism, during which the heart of the Church was kindled by no energy better than that whose fitting symbol was presented in the fagot-fires which made the blood of martyrs seethe and bubble? The wonder is that men should have presumed upon pleasing God with a religion which made no allowance for the sanctity of conscience, but even admitted of a malevolent selfishness. And is not this wonder enough?

There is a history connected with the idea I have been trying to develop, which possesses a high and absorbing interest. I will relate it here. It is the history of

#### ROGER WILLIAMS.

I will not disturb the pages which record the nativity and the boyhood of this man. I will begin with his first days under an American sun.

On the 5th of February, 1631, there came over into New England a young minister of the Puritan stamp; and, as might therefore be presumed, a fugitive from English intolerance. He was something more than thirty years of age when he first saw Nantasket and the homes of the earliest pilgrims to our shores.

An uncommon man was this youthful preacher. He was uncommon in his mind, in his heart, in his manner, in his doctrine. The world has had

but one Roger Williams. This great refugee came to the western shores of the Atlantic, on a mission peculiarly his own. By culture and by faith he was a philanthropist. This he was long before he started out upon the waters that were to bear him, God knew whither. This he was when he entered, for the first time, the rude settlements of the pioneer Puritans, whose feet, only eleven years previous, were treading the planks of the Mayflower. This he was in private and in public, all along, from his earliest years of action, down to the blessed silence and the sweet sleep of his grave.

The name of Roger Williams is one of those few names, written in history, which have been transcribed into cherishing hearts, and will be, so long as one generation of men shall follow another. I will not think of him as of any other man, or set of men, of his time. He stood head and shoulders above all the rest of the Puritans; for he was the apostle of a broader and purer Puritanism. Do you know, my reader, how it ever came to pass that in our American Constitution there is embodied a beautiful acknowledgment of the right of every man to his creed? It was a result of Roger Williams's philanthropy. Know you why it is that our republicanism is not cramped to-day by a union of the civil with the ecclesiastical power? It is because of the noble lessons of Christian humanitarianism, first inculcated and represented, on this side of the ocean, by Roger Williams. This one great idea—the sanctity of conscience—was the seed which all the labors of the life of that deep and earnest man went to develop. It is recorded, in history, that for this, in extreme old age, he gave the last pulsation of his heart. To think of him as away back in English solitudes, meditating upon human lives confined within the narrow channel of thought and action prescribed by priestly caprice, dreaming of the bliss of freedom from sectarian espionage, contemplating the despair of souls doomed to a laborious silence, the fruits of which must gleam and exhale, in their autumnal ripeness, for themselves alone, and not for the wide world of cherished men—to think of him as at last leaping, as it were, from the slavery in which an intolerant Church sought to violate the sanctity of his conscience and to stifle the aspirations of his liberty-loving heart; and then as turning his sad eyes toward the ocean; and then as trusting himself to its billows and its God, hoping to find on the distant shore of a newly-settled land a society whose religion might not ignore the value and grandeur of a broad philanthropy—to think of Roger Williams in these aspects of his career of self-sac-



rice—what in all the world can be more interesting?

But other views remain to be taken of that manly advocate of the rights of conscience.

Coming into New England, he found himself welcomed by the people of Salem, as their teacher and minister. Of course he announced to them at once the great doctrine which had become fully developed and matured in his own mind. He spoke to them of the sacredness of every man's right of belief. Conscience, he maintained, should be held above the reach of legislation.

"The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never control opinion—should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul."

"The doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience," said he, "is most evidently contrary to the doctrine of Christ Jesus."

What originality, what simplicity, what clearness, what penetration into human nature, what vastness of heart, what an advocacy of Christ's sublime religion, are here! One would think that the enunciation of a doctrine at once so suggestive of peace and progress to the nations, and so full of promise to the Church, of a deliverance from bigotry, should have been received with a grateful acceptance by a people who had well learned what it is to suffer persecution for cause of conscience. But such was not the case. The New England Churches, with the simple exception of that of Salem, could not but see, in the teachings of Roger Williams, the spirit and doctrine of a dangerous radical. Linked, as was their newly-established government, intimately with that of the religion they had brought with them, they were unprepared to estimate the worth of that element of spiritual freedom for which, with the earnestness of his large heart, he patiently contended. The consequence was, that he soon found himself bitterly opposed. He, however, with a mild and manly self-possession, stood against his assailants, and defended his cherished doctrine. The law by which civil magistrates enforced the attendance of every man at public worship, was shown by him to be incompatible with the sanctity of conscience.

"An unbelieving soul," he argued, "is dead in sin; and to force the indifferent from one worship to another, is like shifting a dead man into several changes of apparel."

Vain, however, was all this good reasoning of the devout philanthropist. He was pronounced a teacher of treasonable heresy. The Church of Salem, which had become strongly attached to him, was even disfranchised by the magistracy, till ample apologies had been made for having

presumed to entertain his teachings. Williams at once withdrew from the jurisdiction of the colonial Churches; and being summoned before the general court of Massachusetts, he received the chilling sentence of exile. His own beloved Church had now forsaken him, not daring longer to openly speak in favor of the doctrine which had so long been the burden of his heart. Even his wife, from whom, if from any, in those gloomy hours, sweet and encouraging words ought to have come—even his wife poisoned the quietude of his home with bitter reproaches and petulant complaints. A beautiful incident there is, however, to be mentioned, as going to show the fondness with which his old Church still clung to him. As the time drew near when his sentence was to be executed, his Salem flock gathered around their former shepherd, and with outgushing tears bore testimony to the undying love, which, by his great goodness and manly virtues, he had won from them.

I will not delay to speak in detail of Roger Williams's last trials before leaving the New England settlements—how he declined the summons of the general court to hasten immediately to Boston and embark for England—how he escaped in midwinter, and took refuge among the Indians—how he gained access to the warmest affections of those "wild men of the woods"—how, as Bancroft says, he was fed by the ravens in the wilderness—how "the barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, learned to love him, as his son, to the last gasp"—how he finally steered his course to the country which is now the state of Rhode Island, and in a frail Indian canoe, with but five companions, landed in a delightful place, to which, with the hope, as he himself declared, that "it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience," he gave the sacred name of Providence.

You shall think, now and hereafter, of Roger Williams as the beginner of a new style of civilization, as the projector of the first government of modern times in which there was to be an acknowledgment and a protection of the sanctity of conscience. On that strange soil to which he had somehow made his way, he founded a little empire, which proved to be the model after which the great empire of our American republicanism has been built.

No sooner had he planted himself in Providence than he announced his chosen seat as a home for persons of all creeds and all forms of worship. It was to be the one spot of all on the earth where freedom was to be realized in its most noble sense; where religion was to be dison-

tangled from politics and wedded in a beautiful alliance with philanthropy; where "God alone should be the ruler of conscience, and the will of the majority alone should rule in civil affairs."

Such were the simple and yet entirely unique principles in accordance with which the community of Providence was to be governed.

I will not delay here to comment particularly on the complete triumph in favor of the sanctity of conscience, which was gained in that unpromising attempt of Roger Williams, on the island which is named after the beautiful Rhodes of classic story. Let our American civilization of to-day be regarded as the best of all commentaries on its completeness.

Not enough, however, has yet been said of Roger Williams.

It most naturally occurs to an inquiring person to ask whether that great example of Christian philanthropy ever belied, in his private life, his profession so emphatically made in public of an unselfish anxiety for the welfare of his race. The facts recorded of him in history plainly warrant the prompt response that he did not. It is said of him, by the most reliable authority, that "he reserved to himself not one foot of land, not one tittle of political power, more than he granted to servants and strangers." Of his Massachusetts assailants and persecutors he said, "I did ever, from my soul, honor and love them, even when their judgment led them to afflict me." I tell you, reader, it is almost wonderful, this philanthropy of Roger Williams! What an exhaustless profundity of love—of that same love which gave to the heart of Jesus its yearning pulsations—there must have been in that man's bosom! Does it not surprise you to think of him as refraining, all his life long, from ever attacking, in his writings or otherwise, with a lingering desire of revenge, the colony which had so inexcusably wronged him? When Massachusetts was threatened by a conspiracy, formed between those two bordering tribes of Indians, the Pequods and Narragansetts, and he was looked to for assistance, as the only one who knew how to touch most effectually the finer chords of the Indian heart, do we find him, then, shaking his head at the menaced colony, and saying, "I have an old grudge against you, Massachusetts, and never more can be your benefactor?" No. On the contrary, we find him taking his very life in his hands, and going to the house of the sachem of the Narragansetts; and even while the Pequot ambassadors, thirsting for blood, were near, and his own throat was in constant danger from their glistening knives, we see him laboring incessantly, for three days and

nights, to effect a dissolution of the formidable conspiracy.

He succeeded at last in accomplishing the object of his mission, and returned home. But was it for himself, or his family, or the people of his beloved island, that he thus risked his life, and thus strained to the utmost his powers of persuasion? No; it was not for any of these. It was all for Massachusetts, the colony whose court had driven him into exile on account of his simple and sublime doctrine of the sanctity of conscience. Not often, in this cold world, are injury and wrong returned like this. And yet all these acts of self-sacrifice are only such as should naturally be looked for from a man like Roger Williams—a man in whose heart no selfish motive ever fluttered, except to be quickly crushed—a man who was declared, by the immediate witnesses of his actions, "to have been one of the most disinterested men that ever lived, a most pious and heavenly-minded soul."

I would close right here, did it not occur to me to mention the happiness of such a man's life. All his days there was for Roger Williams a luxury which nothing but the generous feelings of a heart made and kept pure by the influence of a liberal faith could have secured to him. Need I say that there can be no real joy derived from religion, save when it is in alliance with the largest philanthropy? All the higher felicities of the soul are the results of exercises or experiences by which it is expanded and developed. Contraction implies a want of life. So it is with every wrinkled leaf of corn. So it is with every warped-up spirit. A true liberality enables a man to live out of himself as well as in himself. It makes him to share the joys of a thousand lives. A man must become noble before his pleasures can be noble. The bigot never knows what it is to have his sour spirit sweetened by a thrill of inspiring rapture. There is but one state of the soul in which I can conceive of it as basking in the sunshine of a serene and blissful consciousness; and it is that in which God is loved, and adored, and served, because he is seen to be the center of all that is worthy of love, and adoration, and service, and in which the whole human race is censelessly hovered over by the changeless affection of an unselfish heart. Such a devotion to God and humanity made sweet every breath of Roger Williams.

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PLATO, hearing that some asserted he was a very bad man, said, "I shall take care so to live that nobody will believe them."

## FRAGMENTS FROM PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

NO range of query, less extensive than that which Sir Humphry Davy proposes to the unknown personage of his "Consolations in Travel," will satisfy him who hungers and thirsts after that most coveted of all knowledges—the knowledge of self: "Tell us what you *know*, or what you *believe*, or what others *imagine* they know." Such is the wide range embraced in that most interesting series of essays by Sir Benjamin Brodie, under the general title of "Psychological Inquiries."

The subject includes in it almost every thing relating to man—the structure of his frame, in so far as that may elucidate the interdependence of mind and body, is described; the various phenomena, occurring in the sentient principle, with relation to the world within and the world without, are developed; the influences of education and of habit are traced; the scope of instinct glanced at; and many a pregnant fact or suggestion is brought to bear on the mysteries of dreams, madness, and death.

## CAUSE OF FATIGUE.

Where volition is exercised there is fatigue. There is none otherwise. The muscle of the heart acts sixty or seventy times in a minute, and the muscles of respiration act eighteen or twenty times in a minute for seventy or eighty, and, even in some rare instances, for a hundred successive years; but there is no feeling of fatigue. The same amount of muscular exertion, under the influence of volition, induces fatigue in a few hours. I am refreshed by a few hours' sleep; for in dreamless sleep there is a suspense of volition.

## LIMIT TO MENTAL WORK.

The limit to mental work varies not only in various individuals, but according to the nature of the work itself. Johnson assigns eight hours a day as sufficient for study; Sir Walter Scott worked four or five. Mathematicians, and those who do not tax the imagination much, may and do safely study ten or twelve hours daily. As a general proposition, it may be stated that those studies which excite the feelings are those which can be least borne. On the other hand, the tranquil labors of the mind have a marked tendency to prolong life. "Unemployed is death," is perfectly true; the unemployed brain, like the unused muscle, decays and perishes quite as quickly as the overwrought organ. Berard, in his "Treatise on the Influence of Civilization on Longevity,"

shows the effect of brain-labor of an unexciting kind in those who are protected by an assured income from the inroads of care. He took at random the ages of one hundred and fifty-two individuals, one-half of whom were members of the Academy of Science, the other half of the Academy of Inscriptions, and found that the average longevity of these mathematicians and antiquaries was sixty-nine years. Sir Humphry Davy seems to have had in view those only who have "battled" with life, when he states "that there are few instances in this country of very eminent men reaching to old age. They usually fail, droop, and die before they attain the period naturally marked for the end of human existence; the lives of our statesmen, warriors, poets, and even philosophers, offer abundant proofs of the truth of this opinion. Whatever burns, consumes—ashes remain."

## DESTRUCTION OF NERVOUS POWER.

The symptoms betokening the approaching destruction of nervous power require to be early noticed, in order that the victim of an overwrought brain may be snatched from a most miserable end. Among the first of these symptoms are vivid dreams, reproducing at night the labors of the past day, so that sleep affords no repose. The transition from the activities of a dreaming brain to a wakeful one is rapid; then follow restlessness and exhaustion, inducing a state wholly incompatible with the exertions required for the daily and pressing necessities of life. The mind, torn by conflicting feelings, becomes irritable, unstable, and melancholy. The tempered delights of a home can not move—affection has no power to soothe—and the playful sunshine of childhood can not warm the heart wasting and withering in decay, or the mind incapable alike of enjoyment or of labor. At this stage morbid fancies and dislikes cloud the feelings, or hallucinations disturb the brain; and then it is indeed a happy consummation to mental decay and reposeless anguish when the reduced and wasted frame, too feeble to withstand the ordinary vicissitudes of the elements, succumbs to the inroads of some acute disease.

## WHAT IS THE ESSENCE OF MIND?

But what is this essence which we call mind, which is so dependent on matter as to vary with the varying conditions of the brain? Every sound physiologist must admit that the "commerce" of soul and body is so intimate, that probably no change can take place in the latter which is not felt in the former; also that no men-



tal state exists without influencing the corporeal tissues. Granting this to the materialist, he is bound to prove that this connection can not subsist except under the category of substance and accident, in which mind is but a property of matter. Against such a doctrine we raise our hand and voice. Every one feels himself to be an indivisible percipient and thinking being—a primary truth which, like our belief in the external world, does not rest on nor admit of argument—which we can not get rid of, and which, according to father Buffier and Reid, constitutes the foundation of human knowledge. We confess our inability to conceive the slightest resemblance between the known properties of matter and mental operations; the former existing in space, with which the latter have nothing to do. Further, we agree with Berkeley, that our knowledge of mind is of a much more positive kind than our knowledge of matter—we are sure of our mental existence—and we can conceive the existence of mind without matter; hence, there is no absurdity in believing that they are not necessarily conjoined. Lastly, the belief of mankind in the independent existence of spirit and in a future state is so universal, as to assume the aspect of an instinct. If this belief be instinctive, then the analogy of all other instincts would lead to the conclusion that this, like the rest, is directed to the attainment of some real end and object.

#### CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF NERVOUS MATTER.

Our knowledge of the chemical composition of nervous matter is nearly nil. Men of the highest mark have hitherto failed to trace chemical differences in the different nerves of the body. Some of the acids and other constituents of fat, together with a large amount of the combinations of phosphorus, are all the results which are given by the ablest chemists from the analysis of the brain. And here they confess their ignorance of the relation of these substances to each other.

We stumble, therefore, in our laborious groping for knowledge, on a most unexpected conclusion: that all the various functions of man as a sentient and intellectual being, and all the other phenomena of his body depending on nervous influence, are not founded on any essential differences discoverable either in the anatomical structure or chemical composition of the nervous matter. The nerve regulating a secretion is similar to the nerve subservient to vision. Like the wires of a telegraph, the material elements may be the same, the element pervading them may be similar in all, but the arrangement is *designed* by a power which uses and governs the one and the other.

#### THE GRAVES OF MILFORD.

BY REV. M. N. OLMSTED.

"T is a solemn place;

For this dark, purple loam, whereon I lie,  
And this green mold, the mother of bright flowers,  
Was bone and sinew once, now decomposed;  
Perhaps has lived, breathed, walked as proud as we,  
And animate with all the faculties,  
And finer senses of the human soul!  
And now what are they? To their elements  
Each has returned, dust crumbled back to dust,  
The spirit gone to God."

WM. THOMPSON BACON.

NO history presents so broad a field or embraces subjects of such thrilling character as that of the grave. It sweeps in its range the whole earth, and tells a tale of joy or sorrow of every human being. No country on the globe, where human foot has trod, but marks a passage in this history. The mountain-top and the lowly vale, the frost-bound north and the torrid zone, the city full and country sparse, each in their turn furnish material for its pages. Could the great deep alone but open her treasury of knowledge on this subject, what would be its record? What would the scenes connected with the lives of Noah, Moses, Joshua, and David reveal? Add to these the bloody records of Marathon, Cannae, Chalons, Waterloo, and the crusades; of the American Revolution, the war with Mexico, and the Crimea. Once more: go where Nature herself turns grave-digger, and in a moment entombs her thousands, leaving no stone to mark the place of their sepulture. Behold Mount Aetna, Vesuvius, and Hecla, as they belch forth upon the affrighted inhabitants floods of liquid fire, or, rending the solid earth at their base, open their voracious jaws to draw multitudes into their sulphurous bosoms. Could the records of all these be presented, with all the attendant thoughts and feelings, "the world itself would scarce contain the books that would be written." All these may be presented by the recording angel, at the great assize.

Let us now turn from scenes so vast and appalling to the quiet village graveyard, and contemplate a scene where the white marble marks the resting-place of real worth, and whose soil has oft been wet with tears of undying affection—the *graves of Milford*.

WEPOWAGE, the Indian name of Milford, Connecticut, and lying between New Haven and Bridgeport, was purchased from the Indians on the 12th of February, 1639. The parties in the transaction were the sagamore and his council; namely, Ansantaway, Arraconsat, Anshuta, Man-

amatque, and Tatacenacouse, of the first part, and William Fowler, Edmund Tapp, Zachariah Whitman, Benjamin Fenn, and Alexander Bryan, of the second part, in trust for a body of planters. The price mutually agreed upon was six coats, ten blankets, one kettle, twelve hatchets, twelve hoes, two dozen knives, and a dozen small looking-glasses.

On this tract of land a plot was laid out in the garden of the minister for the burial of the dead. The first grave opened on this ground was for the infant son of Mr. William East, on the 18th of June, 1644; and the first adult buried here was Sarah, wife of Nicholas Camp. From this period to 1675 all the dead of Milford were deposited here, among whom was the minister himself.

A traveler on the New York and New Haven railroad, on leaving Milford station for the east, will, in a few moments, cross the Wepowage river, and pass the "Soldier's Monument," standing in the south-west corner of the present repository of the dead. Four times, since 1675, has this ground been enlarged, and the ashes of those who died prior to this period have been disinterred and transferred to this place, and, with thousands more, now slumber in silent repose, while the inscriptions on the sculptured marble trace the outlines of the history of Milford for more than two hundred years. To follow out all these in detail would be the work of a lifetime, and would fill volumes; but a brief reference to a few may not be amiss or uninteresting to the readers of the Repository.

The first Church organization in this place was in the year 1639, and still exists under the title of the "First Congregational Society." During the first five years after its organization not a death had occurred in the town. But in the year 1655 over fifty fell by ordinary diseases within the same compass.

The Rev. Peter Prudden was probably the first evangelical minister who proclaimed the words of eternal life to the inhabitants of Milford. He was ordained in 1639, and remained in the pastoral charge till death signed his release, July, 1656. His birthplace was Edgerton, Yorkshire, England, whence he immigrated to this country in 1637, being then thirty-seven years of age. He was a preacher in England, and also in Wethersfield, Connecticut, previous to his settlement in this place. His grandson, Rev. Job Prudden, was the first settled minister of the Second Congregational Society in Milford. He was ordained 1747, and died of small-pox, taken while visiting the sick, June 24, 1774. Long since, his remains, with the ashes of the aged grandsire, have min-

gled with the dust of this graveyard. The seven pillars of this first Church, namely, P. Prudden, William Fowler, E. Tapp, Z. Whitman, Thomas Buckingham, Thomas Welsh, and John Atwood, with the exception of the last-named individual, here lie entombed.

Rev. Roger Newton, a near relative of Sir Isaac Newton, was born in England, graduated at Harvard College, and was settled in Milford, August 22, 1660. The old Church record says, "He was ordained Pastour by ye laying on of ye hands of Zachariah Whitman, elder, John Fletcher, deacon, and Mr. Robert Treat, magistrate—though not magistrate and deacon, but as appointed by ye Church to joyn with ye ruling elder in laying on hands in the name of ye Church." He died on the 7th of June, 1683.

Rev. Samuel Andrews, one of the three most active individuals who took measures to found Yale College, was ordained November 18, 1685, and died January 24, 1738, at the advanced age of eighty-two years, having been pastor of the First Church over fifty years. He was one of the best scholars of his time, and one of the greatest benefactors of Yale College. His wife was the daughter of Governor Treat, of whom we shall speak hereafter.

Rev. Bezaleel Pineo was ordained October 26, 1796, and continued in the pastoral charge more than half a century, which brings us down to the time of the present incumbent, Rev. Jonathan Brace. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and died on the 28th day of September, 1849.

In this lone spot rest the ancestors of many of the great men of our nation. Robert Treat, a young man of eighteen years, came from Wethersfield to Milford with Rev. P. Prudden in 1639. The following year he was elected the first town clerk of the town of Milford, and was soon after chosen one of the first judges of the state. In 1661 he was elected a magistrate in New Haven colony. He was appointed major in 1670, and colonel in 1674. The troops under his command drove the Indians from their assaults at Springfield and Hadly. In 1676 he was chosen Deputy Governor, and in 1683 he was duly elected Governor of the state of Connecticut, and was continued in the last two stations for thirty-two years. He was chairman of that meeting in Hartford, in 1687, which took measures to preserve the charter of Connecticut from the grasp of Sir Edmund Andross, by secreting it in the hollow of a tree, since known as the "Charter Oak," and which was preserved with the utmost care for about two hundred years, during which it continued to spread

abroad its gnarled limbs, and put on its yearly mantle of green, despite the ravages of time.

"In song and story the old oak is made famous, and thousands of strangers from abroad annually visited it. The tree stood upon the Wyllys place, now owned and occupied by the Hon. L. W. Stewart, who kindly cared for it. A few years ago some boys kindled a fire within its trunk, which burned out most of the rotten parts of it. Mr. Stewart soon discovered the fire, and had it at once extinguished. He then, at considerable expense, had the hollow inclosed by a door, with a lock and key. He also had the stumps of branches that had been broken off covered with tin, and painted. The tree from this time seemed to be imbued with new life, each succeeding spring dressing itself in a richer and denser foliage. On the 22d of November the New Haven fire companies, who came up to join their brethren in Hartford, on the occasion of their annual muster, visited the famous oak. They were, of course, kindly received by Mr. Stewart. To show them the capacity of the tree, he invited the firemen to enter the trunk, when twenty-four of the men belonging to Captain McGregor's company entered together. They came out, and twenty-eight of Captain Thomas's company then entered. By placing twenty-eight full-grown men in an ordinary room of a dwelling, one may judge of the great size of the famous old Charter Oak."

But the old tree, which had witnessed the downfall of all its associates, and the death of the white man, whose ax had laid them low, and also the red man's trail, his bloody wars and decay, has fallen, like one of Homer's mighty heroes slain. When Governor Wyllys came to America, he sent his steward to prepare for his residence. As he was clearing away the trees on this beautiful hillside, a deputation of Indians came and requested him to spare that old hollow tree, as it had been the guide of their ancestors for centuries. It is supposed to have been an old tree when Columbus discovered America. But it was spared to fall after the bold navigator had slept in the grave three and a half centuries. The bells of the city tolled at sunset as a mark of respect for the fall of the ancient monarch of the forest. A likeness of the fallen tree is preserved, and an oak is already growing from an acorn of the old oak, to be presented to Mr. Stewart, to be transplanted, in the same old spot, which may afford a refreshing shade for "Young America."

The wife of Governor Treat was the daughter of Edmund Tapp, Esq., and concerning their marriage is this anecdote. One day, while Robert was at the house of Mr. Tapp, he took one of the

daughters upon his knee, and began to trot her. "Robert," said the girl, "stop that; I had rather be treated than trotted." Upon this Robert popped the question, which was favorably entertained, and she subsequently became his wife. One of their daughters was the mother of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of the Independence of these United States. Governor Treat died July 12, 1710, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

Jonathan Law, jr., a graduate of Harvard College, was elected justice of the peace 1706, chief judge of the county court, 1714, Deputy Governor, 1724, and Governor, 1741, from which time he was annually chosen Governor till his death, November, 1750. On the occasion of his death, Tutor Stiles, afterward President of Yale College, pronounced a funeral oration in the College hall. Governor Law had five wives, all of whom now repose with him in this place of the dead.

Henry Tomlinson, ancestor of Governor Tomlinson, here lies among the dead. He built the first public inn in the town of Milford, which was continued till within a very few years past. Twice General Washington put up at this inn, the last of which was in 1789.

The ancestors of three of the signers of the Declaration of Independence rest in this graveyard; namely, Robert Treat Paine, Abram Clark, and Roger Sherman. George Clark, the ancestor of Abram Clark, died in 1690. He was the first man who dared to build a house outside the palisades, and as a reward for his courage the town gave him forty acres of land.

The ancestors of two members of the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States are buried here also; namely, Roger Sherman and Jared Ingersol. And here, also, we find the name of the identical *John Smith*, who removed from Boston to Milford as early as 1643. His descendants, some of whom bear his own name, are numerous, and many of them highly respectable, and are thickly spread over all the states in the Union.

Among the list of names here engraved we find that of Micaiah Tompkins. He was one of the planters of Milford. Two of the regicides, Whalley and Goffe, were secreted in the basement of a shop near the house of Mr. Tompkins, August 20, 1661, where they remained for two years. Tradition says that the daughters of Mr. Tompkins often spun in this shop, and unwittingly amused the judges with a song composed on the execution of King Charles I. Previous to their coming to Milford, they had been secreted in a cave at a place called West Rock, near New



Haven—a bold, lofty pile of rock, three hundred feet high, overlooking Long Island Sound. Here they were supplied with provisions by Mr. Richard Sperry and his boys, who left their daily rations on a certain stump, and when they were gone the regicides would creep from their hiding-place, and take it to their cave. They were frightened from this den by the glaring eyeballs of a catamount, who threw such a glance in upon them as to fairly look them out of countenance. Soon after this they took up their abode, for a short time, in a lodge three miles west, till they removed to Milford at the time and place above alluded to. Two years after they removed to Hadley, Massachusetts, where they dwelt sixteen years, in the cellar of Rev. M. Russell.

During their stay here Hadley was surprised by the Indians, September 1, 1675, during public worship, and the people were thrown into confusion. But suddenly a venerable man, in an uncommon dress, appeared in their midst, reviving their courage, and, putting himself at their head, led them to the attack, and repulsed the enemy. The deliverer of Hadley immediately disappeared, and the inhabitants, overwhelmed with astonishment, supposed that an angel had been sent to their protection. It is supposed that Whalley and Goffe were buried in the minister's cellar, and that their remains were subsequently removed to the rear of the Center Church, New Haven. This supposition is strongly confirmed by three stones, marked as follows: E. W. 1678, for Whalley; M. G. . . . 80, for Goffe; and J. D., Esq., 1668-9, for Dixwell.

Some of the early settlers of Milford removed to Newtown, Durham, Wallingford, Cheshire, Farmington, Woodbury, Washington, Norwalk, Ridgefield, and New Milford. Once the town of Lerbey, a large part of Woodbridge, Bethany, and North Orange, formed a part of this town, and the ashes of the ancestors of many of the people of these towns now molder in this sacred spot. But their detail would render this article too prolix for the columns of the Repository. Should this meet with favor, I may possibly have something to say of modern graves and of monuments.

We close these records with a brief history of the "Soldiers' Monument," which was erected in 1852, by the joint liberality of the state of Connecticut, the citizens of Milford, and other contributing friends. It is composed of red sandstone, from Hall's quarry, Portland, opposite Middletown, on the Connecticut river. It is a square shaft, thirty feet high, and well proportioned. On the south front is seen the arms of the state,

neatly engraved, and surmounted by the thirteen emblematic stars, and underneath a brief history of the monument. On the other sides appear the names of forty-six American soldiers, and their places of residence, whose bones lie wasting beneath.

In the month of January, 1777, a British cartel ship, with two hundred American prisoners on board, taken from a prison-ship near New York, sailed for New Haven. Adverse winds forced the vessel into Milford harbor, and forthwith the prisoners were put ashore on the beach at midwinter, in a destitute, sickly, and dying condition. The inhabitants of Milford came at once to their relief, and nobly exerted themselves to mitigate the sufferings of the destitute strangers. About one-half of their number soon left for their homes. The remainder, too weak and sickly to move, were nursed with almost a mother's care in the dwellings of the hospitable inhabitants. Yet, notwithstanding all these philanthropic efforts, in one month forty-six of their number were laid in one common grave near the monument where their names are inscribed. Here in solemn silence they sleep, while the flying trains, with their multitudes of human beings, of every age, sex, condition, and character, dash on their way, and nothing will break the stillness of their repose, till the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall wake the dead to life.

#### CALVIN'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

WE are all familiar with the tale of Howard traveling amid the sumptuousness of palaces, the stateliness of temples, and the remains of ancient grandeur, yet almost unmindful of their existence by reason of the intense interest he felt in dungeons, and hospitals, and lazarettos. And it is reported of Andrew Fuller that, when walking among the most attractive sights of Oxford, he turned to his companion and began to discuss the doctrine of justification by faith. But neither the enthusiastic philanthropist nor the meditative theologian, occupied as they were by substantial affairs, and slight as was their appreciation of the toys and graces of human life, was proof against the universal passion. We remember to have seen a book presented by Mr. Fuller to the lady he afterward married, in the fly-leaf of which were two intertwined hearts, traced by a pen, and beneath them a suitable sentence, also written by the lover. But John Calvin seems to have been as free from all such infirmities as was Elijah the Tishbite. To protect the persecuted Waldenses, to establish the Presbyterian disci-

pline, to maintain a rigid censorship of morals, to advance the reformation throughout Europe—such were the purposes on which his heart was set. As for Calvin being brought under the tyranny of love, about as readily might the sunbeams have dissolved all the snows of Mont Blanc. As his friends wished him to marry, he would do so to oblige them, and forthwith he authorized them to enter into negotiations for the purpose. Several ladies were proposed to him, but were not deemed entirely suitable. The following extracts from his correspondence upon this subject will be interesting. At the time of writing he was about thirty years of age.

Negotiations in the first case seem to have gone so far, that he writes to Farel: "An excellent opportunity will occur for your repairing hither—Strasbourg—if, as we hope, the marriage shall come to pass. We look for the bride a little after Easter. But if you assure me that you will come the marriage ceremony might be postponed till your arrival." This is very unlike the rapture of a young lover of thirty on the eve of marriage. The match, however, was broken off; and a few months later he again writes to his friend, who was engaged in the quest, and who seems to have reported a hopeful discovery: "Always remember what I expect in one who is to be my companion for life. I do not belong to the class of loving fools who, when once smitten with a fine figure, are ready to expend their affections even on the faults of her whom they have fallen in love with. The only beauty which allures me is a woman who is chaste, not too fastidious, patient, economical, and if there is hope that she will interest herself about my health. If, therefore, you think well of it, you may set out immediately, lest some one else should be beforehand with you. But if you think otherwise, you may let that pass."

About a year subsequently, when the storm of opposition and persecution was gathering very thickly around him, he writes again, "Nevertheless, in the midst of these commotions, I am so much at my ease as to have the audacity to think of taking a wife. A certain damsel, of noble rank, has been proposed to me, and with a fortune above my condition. Two considerations deterred me from that connection—because she did not understand our language, and because I feared she might be too mindful of her family and education. Her brother, blinded by his affection to me, urged the connection. His wife also, with a like partiality, contended as he did; so that I should have been persuaded to submit, unless the Lord had otherwise appointed. When I

replied that I could not undertake to engage myself unless the maiden would undertake that she would apply her mind to the learning of our language, she requested time for deliberation. Thereupon, without further parley, I sent my brother to escort hither another, who, if she answers to her reputation, will bring a dowry large enough without any money at all. If it come to pass, as we certainly hope it will, the marriage ceremony will not be delayed beyond the 10th of March." It was then the 6th of February, and he had not yet seen his bride elect; but he was evidently getting anxious to have the irksome and perplexing business speedily brought to a conclusion one way or another.

This match, however, came to nothing; for in June he writes again, "I have not yet found a wife, and frequently hesitate whether I ought any more to seek one. Claude and my brother had lately betrothed me to a damsel. Three days after they had returned, some things were told me which forced me to send my brother that he might discharge me from that obligation."

In the month of August, however, he was actually married to a lady with whom he had been on terms of intimacy for some time. Her name was Idelette de Bures; she was the widow of an exiled anabaptist of Liege, John Storder, whom, together with his wife, he had brought back to the Reformed faith. Whether in making this final selection he acted solely upon the advice of Martin Bucer, or whether he had a secret attachment for her, can not be known. She seems to have been without fortune or beauty, some years his senior, and the mother of several children by her former husband. He speaks of his marriage in terms far enough from rapture, but with a calm, sedate satisfaction. When the honeymoon was scarcely passed, he writes, in answer to a letter of congratulation, "When your letter was first brought to me I was so ill I could scarcely lift a finger. Since that time to the present such has been my state of doubt and hesitation, that it was impossible for me to write any thing. It seemed, indeed, as though it had been so ordered in order that our wedlock might not be overjoyous, that we might not exceed all bounds, and that the Lord thus moderated our joy by thwarting it." Deputies from some of the Swiss Churches attended the ceremony, which was celebrated without pomp at Strasbourg, in September, 1540, Calvin being at that time thirty-one years of age.

The marriage thus entered upon without any rapturous emotion or romantic attachment on either side, seems to have been a very happy one. Calvin's self-contained, undemonstrative, logical

temperament prevented his ever giving any strong expression to his feelings. And, indeed, his absorption in and devotion to his great work prevented his indulgence in the amenities of social life. But the occasional references to her in his letters, and the very frequent allusion to her in those of his correspondents, show her to have been a true and faithful wife, and attest the high place she held in the esteem and affection of all.

We are indebted for the following passage to that interesting volume, not long since issued from the English press, "The Ladies of the Reformation:"

"In the high opinion Calvin had formed of Idelette's Christian virtues he was not disappointed. In her affectionate care of his health and comfort she was all that he could desire. His intense devotion to study, and his almost incredible labors as a minister of Geneva, and as the acknowledged *facile princeps* of Protestantism in its more radical form, which caused him an amount of correspondence sufficient to have filled the hands of any ordinary man, greatly impaired his health, and made him frequently subject to deep mental depression. It was then that Idelette, by her tender ministry, nursed his disordered and debilitated frame, and by her cheerful, soothing words revived his dejected spirits. In her he found a heart beating in sympathy with him under all the difficulties he encountered in the discharge of his duties as a minister of the word. Her counsel to him always was to be true to God at whatever cost; and that he might not be tempted, from a regard to her ease and comfort, to shrink from the conscientious performance of his duty, she assured him of her readiness to share with him whatever perils might befall him in faithfully serving God. Many of his expressions in his correspondence evince that the union between him and her was of a high and noble character. It was no trifling thing for him who praised so few, who never spoke unprofitably, and who weighed so well the words which he used, to say of his wife, that she was a remarkable woman—'*Singularis exempli femina.*' After her earthly career had closed, in lamenting her loss, he said of her, 'I am separated from the best of companions, who, if any thing harder could have happened to me, would willingly have been my companion, not only in exile and in want, but also in death. While she lived she was a true help to me in the duties of my office. I have never experienced any hinderances from her, even the smallest.' Like Calvin, unambitious of worldly dignities, wealth, or grandeur, she was more solicitous unostentatiously to do good to others than

to acquire these much-coveted objects of attraction. She relieved the wants of the poor, visited the chamber of the sick and of the bereaved, and ministered consolation to the dying. Numerous strangers, especially from France, but also from the Netherlands, Italy, and Spain, came to Geneva, either in quest of a shelter from persecution or to enjoy the pleasure of visiting Calvin, or of sitting under his ministry. This afforded him and Idelette an opportunity of exercising toward these Christian brethren the virtues of compassion and hospitality, which they did with such active zeal that by some they were even blamed for being more careful of these strangers than of the native population of Geneva."

One bitter grief they were called to experience during the brief period of their married life—the death of their children. Three were born to them, who all died in infancy. How Calvin bore the loss may be gathered from the following allusion to the death of his first-born. It is from a letter in reply to his friend Viret, who had written to express condolence and sympathy. "Greet all the brethren and your wife, to whom mine returns thanks for much friendly and pious consolation. She could reply only by means of an amanuensis, and it would be very difficult for her even to dictate a letter. The Lord has certainly inflicted upon us a severe and bitter wound, by the death of our infant son. *But he is himself a father, and knows what is needful for his children.*" The bitterness of these repeated and trying bereavements was aggravated by the fact that Catholic controversialists insulted him on account of them, exulting and triumphing over them as manifestations of Divine vengeance against him.

To the grief occasioned by these repeated losses there was now added the distressing and protracted illness of his wife. For the last few years of her life she seems to have been a confirmed invalid, and Calvin's allusions to her illness in his letters are sufficient to disprove the charge so often brought against him of being without natural affection. At last, only nine years after her marriage, she was taken from him by death, and he was left a lonely, childless man. For the description of her death-bed we are indebted to the same volume which supplied us with the description of her character. The writer says:

"Her death was peaceful and happy. A few days before the closing scene, when all the brethren in Geneva were assembled with Calvin, they engaged together in prayer with her. After this, one of their number, Abel, exhorted her, in the name of the rest, to faith and patience. During his address, she indicated by a few words—for



she was too exhausted to say much—what were the thoughts which occupied her mind. Calvin added a brief exhortation. On the day of her death, another of the ministers, Borgonius, addressed her. As he was speaking, she exclaimed from time to time, 'O, glorious resurrection! O, God of Abraham and of all our fathers! Thy people have trusted in thee from the beginning, and none who have trusted in thee have been put to shame. I also will look for thy salvation.' At six o'clock Calvin was called from home. About seven she began to grow weaker. Feeling that her voice was fast failing her, she said, 'Let us pray; let us all pray.' At this time Calvin returned; but she could no longer speak. He spoke to her a few words concerning the grace of Christ, the hope of eternal life, the happiness which he and she had enjoyed in each other during the period of their union, and her exchanging an abode on earth for her Father's house above. He then engaged in prayer. She listened to his words, and appeared edified by them. Shortly before eight o'clock she departed so placidly that those who stood around the bed could scarcely tell the last moment of her life."

And so that poor, troubled heart ceased to beat. After a life of storm and conflict she passed away so gently and quietly that it was like falling asleep. Enduring in her early life the keen and terrible persecutions to which the anabaptists were exposed at the hands of their pitiless enemies, the Lutheran Reformers; driven with her husband into exile, and compelled with him to eat the bitter bread of dependence and poverty; left by him a widow, "a stranger in a strange land," with the charge upon her of her orphan children; then united to that stern, severe man, whose iron will ruled all with whom it came in contact; suffering with him many changes, many bereavements, and much grief, she at last sinks down to die.

"So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore."

She had gone to that land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Calvin himself remained a widower to the end of his days. His stern nature, which seemed proof against the passion of love, had at last yielded. Marrying simply as a convenience, and to oblige his friends, he came to render a true affection to the wife who had so well deserved it. The language of his letters after her death shows how keenly he felt her loss; yet with an almost incredible fortitude he continued to discharge both

public and private duties without intermission. Within a day or two of his bereavement he was in the pulpit, in the consistory, and with the council, as though nothing had happened. To those who knew only the outside of this marvelous man he seemed unfeeling; to those who knew his heart—knew how lacerated, and sore, and bleeding it was under his bereavement—the strength and energy of will which could suppress all external signs of emotion so intense seemed almost supernatural. Seven years afterward he wrote to condole with Richard de Valleville under a like bereavement, and said to him, "How severe a wound the death of your most excellent wife has inflicted upon you I know from my own experience. I remember how difficult it was for me, when visited with a like affliction seven years ago, to master my grief. But you know, as well, the proper means to be used for overcoming immoderate sorrow; it, therefore, only remains for me to beseech you to use them;" and he proceeds to remind him of the duty of gratitude for the blessing so long enjoyed of looking forward with new hope to the joyful reunion of the skies, and of cherishing a firm, steadfast confidence in the kindness of God's government. Wise words these, and worthy of universal remembrance!

#### THE CLOSING SCENE OF THE JEWISH WAR.\*

BY REV. E. NIDERSHAM.

THE stars twinkled just as they had done in happier days over the burning walls of Masada. Beneath rolled the Dead Sea—the monument of former wrath and war; in the distance, as far as the eye could reach, the desolate landscape bore the marks of the oppressor. Before them was the camp of the Roman, who watched with anxiety for his prey and the morrow. All was silent in Masada. Defense now seemed impossible, and certain death stared the devoted garrison in the face. Despair settled on the stoutest heart, deepened by the presence and the well-known fate of the women and children. Naught was heard but the crackling of burning timbers, and the ill-suppressed moans of the wives and children of the garrison. Then for the last time Eleazar summoned his warriors. In language such as fierce despair alone could have inspired on his, or brooked on their part, he reminded them of their solemn oath—to gain freedom or to die. One of these alternatives alone

\* From the "History of the Jewish Nation after the Destruction of Jerusalem."

remained for them—to die. The men of war around him had not quailed before an enemy, yet they shrank from their leader's proposal. A low murmur betokened disapprobation. Then flashed Eleazar's eye. Pointing over the burning rampart to the enemy, and in the distance toward Jerusalem, he related with fearful truthfulness the fate which awaited them on the morrow—to be slain by the enemy, or to be reserved for the arena; to have their wives devoted in their sight to shame and their children to torture and slavery. Were they to choose this alternative, or a glorious death, and with it liberty—a death in obedience to their oath, in devotedness to their God and to their country? The appeal had its effect. It was not sudden madness, nor a momentary frenzy, which seized these men when they brought forth, to immolate them on the altar of their liberty, their wives, their children, their chattels, and ranged themselves each by the side of all that had been dear to him in the world. The last glimmer of hope had died out, and, with the determination of despair, the last defenders of Judea prepared to perish in the flames which enveloped its last fortress. First, each heaped together his household gear, associated with the pleasures of other days, and set fire to it. Again they pressed to their hearts their wives and children. Bitter were the tears wrung from these iron men; yet the sacrifice was made unshrinkingly, and each plunged his sword into the hearts of his wife and children. Now they laid themselves down beside them, and locked them in tender embrace—now the embrace of death. Cheerfully they presented their breasts to ten of their number, chosen by lot to put the rest of their brethren to death. Of these ten, one had again been fixed on to slay the remaining nine. Having finished his bloody work, he looked around to see whether any of the band yet required his service. But all was silent. The last survivor then approached as closely as possible his own family, and fell upon his sword. Nine hundred bodies covered the ground.

Morning dawned upon Masada, and the Romans eagerly approached its walls; but within was the silence of death. A faint was apprehended, and the soldiers approached cautiously, raising a shout as if the defenders on the wall implored the help of their brethren. Then two women, who, with five children, had concealed themselves in vaults during the murderous scene of the preceding evening, came forth from their retreat to tell the Romans the sad story. So fearfully strange did it sound, that their statement was scarcely credited. Slowly the Romans advanced; then rushing through the flames, they

penetrated into the court of the palace. There lay the lifeless bodies of the garrison and their families. It was not a day of triumph even to the enemy, but one of awe and admiration. They buried the dead and withdrew, leaving a garrison. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets," etc., therefore, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

Thus terminated the war of Jewish nationality.

### SPICE ISLANDS

VISITED IN THE SEA OF EDITORIAL READING.

"BETTER GO AT SOMETHING."

M<sup>R</sup>. WILLIS, in his series of papers, entitled "Out Doors at Idlewild," published some time since in the Home Journal, gives the following incident:

"In the depth of an almost impenetrable wilderness, four or five noble hemlocks guarded a spring; and I was thinking of clearing away the underbrush from these, and so making an easier approach to my hidden Egaria, when a man applied to me for work. He had a bad face; but he was otherwise magnificent. So straight a back, so slight in hips and waist, a neck and head with so graceful an uplift, chest so expanded, and limbs so molded for lithe elegance and power—he was a paddy Apollo. He looked as if his body knew it. I engaged him at once, gave him an ax, and directed him to the spring, where he should go and wait for me, after his dinner. Some one called and detained me an hour or two; but I finally mounted my mare, and rode to the glen, thinking what a fine combination it would be—such a figure as that—at work under these magnificent hemlocks. I reached the spot. There stood my man. And *there lay my trees. He had cut them down—all four.* What my exclamation was, I could scarcely venture to try ink upon. But I remember that I found very little Christian resignation in his excuse. 'You didn't come, sir,' said he, 'and I thought I'd better go at something!' Four beloved hemlocks shading a spring, lost by appreciating the beauty of a man!"

### WEALTH OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Here is a beautiful sentence from the pen of Coleridge. Nothing can be more eloquent, nothing more true:

"Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers, as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him, his

voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells, and his face may be unknown by his neighbors—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow, but he has a gem with which he would not part for the wealth defying computations, for fame filling a world's ear, for the highest power, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal's eye."

#### HOW TRUTH FROM HEAVEN WOULD BE RECEIVED.

Plato asserted that if truth were to come down from heaven, and display itself in all its glory upon earth, all men would instantly fall down and worship it. What Plato stated as a hypothesis, inspired history records to have been a lamentable miscalculation on his part. Truth came down from the skies, appeared unto the world in untainted glory, beauty, and perfection; neither hell nor earth was able to detect a flaw in it; but so false proved the prophecy of the learned and accomplished philosopher that the world rose up against it, and shouted in a voice of thunder, "Away with him! crucify him! crucify him! Not this man, but Barabbas!"

#### CALUMNY AND HYPOCRISY.

There can be no Christianity where there is no charity; but the censorious cultivate the forms of religion that they may more freely indulge in the only pleasure of their lives, that of calumniating those who to their other feelings add not the sin of hypocrisy. But hypocrisy can beat calumny even at her own weapons, and can feign forgiveness, while she feels resentment and meditates revenge.

#### DEAD AND LIVING LANGUAGES.

It is curious that some learned dunces, because they can write nonsense in languages that are dead, should despise those that can talk sense in languages that are living. To acquire a few tongues, says a French writer, is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life.

#### RESPONSIBILITY OF PERVERTED TALENT.

Great wits, who pervert their talents to sap the foundations of morality, have to answer for all the evil that lesser wits may accomplish through their means, even to the end of time. A heavy load of responsibility, where the mind is still alive to do mischief, when the hand it animated is dust. Men of talent may make a breach in morality, at which men of none may enter; as a citadel may be carried by muskets, after a road has been battered for them by cannon.

#### LITTLE WHITE LILY.

FROM A VOLUME OF POEMS, BY A NEW POET IN ENGLAND.

Little white Lily

Sat by a stone,

Drooping and waiting

Till the sun shone.

Little white Lily

Sunshine has fed:

Little white Lily

Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily

Said, "It is good:

Little white Lily's

Clothing and food!

Little white Lily

Dressed like a bride,

Shining with whiteness,

And crowned beside!"

Little white Lily

Droopeth in pain,

Waiting and waiting

For the wet rain.

Little white Lily

Holdeth her cup;

Rain is fast falling

And filling it up.

Little white Lily

Said, "Good again,

When I am thirsty,

To have nice rain!

Now I am stronger,

Now I am cool,

Heat can not burn me,

My veins are so full!"

Little white Lily

Smells very sweet,

On head sunshine,

Rain at her feet.

"Thanks to the sunshine!

Thanks to the rain

Little white Lily

Is happy again!"

#### HOW MIND IS NURTURED.

It has been beautifully said, by Willmot, that the poet, rich in his poverty, carries with him sweet grapes to quench his thirst, and greenest trees to shelter his repose. The stormy day is better for him than the calm. We are told by naturalists that birds of paradise fly best against the wind; it drifts behind them the gorgeous train of feathers, which only entangle their flight with the gale. Pure imagination, of which the loveliest of winged creatures is the fitting emblem, seems always to gain a vigor and grace by the tempests it encounters, and in contrary winds to show the brightest plumage.

#### DIAMOND-DUST.

Happiness is a perfume one can not shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.



## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

**THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.**—“By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac: and he that had received the promises offered up his only-begotten son.” Heb. xi, 17.

Abraham is one of St. Paul's heroes of faith. By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac; and if “greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends,” surely greater faith Abraham could not show, than that he should lay down his son's—his only son's—life at the command of God.

But among the apostle's examples of excellent faith, this of Abraham's stands out distinguished by marked features. It seems to have only a personal object; a trial whether the father would, by a voluntary act, prove that he esteemed God's favor above his son, in whom his whole soul was centered. We may still inquire, What was the object of this particular form of trial? Some, but they are cavilers, have said it was a lesson in cruelty contradictory to what elsewhere we are taught to believe of God's nature. We put aside that. We are not now refuting cavilers. Neither was it, as some have alleged, a lesson in human sacrifices. Was it, by the substitution of a ram, a lesson against them? Such a lesson was surely not needed by Abraham.

Again: if this trial was meant simply to be a gauge of Abraham's faith, the object might have been conceivably one of these: 1. To assure the trier: 2. To influence the tried—either the father, or the son, or both; 3. To set forth an example of obedience. Of these the first is inadmissible. Of the others, neither separately is, in our opinion, adequate; nor both together.

Before pursuing our inquiry further, it is needful to put forth prominently two facts:

1. The early Biblical narrative is necessarily brief, and while much is told us, much also is untold. Among other things not directly stated, but which are nevertheless implied, stands this, that the promise of *the*—not merely a—Messiah, and perhaps of a suffering\* Messiah, was more distinct and clear than appears on the surface. Doubtless the sin of Esau lay in this, that with his birth-right he was understood to part also with the right and honor of being a lineal ancestor of the seed—descendant—of the woman who should bruise the serpent's head. For the same reason barrenness was held a curse. It is no argument against these views to say that the undoubted expectation of the Jews in our Lord's day was, that the Messiah would come, conquering and triumph-

ant, and that this expectation was violently overthrown by the crucifixion, because at that time “this people's heart had waxed gross,” and they had distorted their ancient prophecies, and corrupted the purity of the patriarchal promise. Thus at least our Lord rebuked the disciples on the way to Emmaus: “O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken, *ought not [the] Christ to have suffered these things, and [in this way] to enter into his glory?*” And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.” Luke xxiv, 25-27. This, too, was St. Paul's theme in the synagogue of Thessalonica; he “three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, opening and alleging that [the] Christ must needs have suffered and risen again from the dead.” Acts xvii, 2, 3. With their ancient prophets in their hands, then, had they searched them, they *ought* to have looked for a suffering Christ. And now if we look again, this is more than hinted in the primal promise. See Genesis iii, 15.

2. The childhood of the world, and of the Church, was instructed by pictures, by symbolical actions, by ocular communications. Instances abound, especially in the prophets, and need not be quoted here. What, indeed, was the sacrifice of a lamb but a perpetual picture of a coming reality? The Jews seem to have required something tangible, something palpable, in order to affect them. They must have solemnity and pomp; their intellects must be touched through their senses.

Now, under the influence of these two ascertained facts—the omissions of Scripture, and this picture teaching—we may put again the query, What was the object of Abraham's particular trial? And we may answer, To show him, in a picture, the great sacrifice of the fullness of time.

His seed, a son of his, should be offered, but not Isaac. In the stead of Isaac, and till the type should be fulfilled, a ram was substituted. Isaac was led as a lamb to the slaughter, only to foreshadow and act the foremost sacrifice of time. Thus was Abraham taught the paradox, that by the death of his son “all the families of the earth should be blessed.” Thus would the simple narration of this acted scene set forth to Abraham's descendants from father to son a suffering Messiah, on whom anticipatively their faith should rest. The revelation might have been as clear as this, and yet the key and explanation of Abraham's trial be lost through the corruption of the ages. Thus also, emphatically, would Abraham rejoice that he saw Christ's day, and would be glad.

**THE FOLLY OF DISTRICTING GOD.**—“I do set my bow in the cloud.” Genesis ix, 13.

I saw lately two signs in the heavens. I looked from my window in the middle of the night, and I saw the

\* And it has been thought, and not without a solid ground of reasonableness, that the old myth of Prometheus, the god-man, bringing down the wrath of Heaven upon his head for his benevolent designs toward the human race, so splendidly illuminated by the genius of Æschylus, was but an echo ringing through the heathen world of the patriarchal promise. See Classical Museum, vol. iv, p. 9.

stars and all the majestic vault of God, sustaining itself without my being able to perceive the pillars upon which the Creator had propped it. Nevertheless, it crumbled not away. There are those, however, who search for these pillars, and who would fain touch them with their hands; but, not being able to find them, they tremble, lament, and fear the heavens will fall. They might touch them, the heavens would never be moved. Again: I saw great and heavy clouds, floating over my head like an ocean. I perceived no prop which could sustain them, and still they fell not, but saluted us sadly, and passed on. And as they passed, I distinguished the arch which had upheld them—a splendid rainbow. Slight it was, without doubt, and delicate; one could not but tremble for it, under such a mass of clouds. Nevertheless, this airy line sufficed to support the load, and to protect us. There are those, however, who are alarmed at the weight of the clouds, and have no confidence in their frail prop. They would prove its strength, and not being able, they dread the clouds will dissolve, and drown us with their floods. . . . Our rainbow is weak, their clouds are heavy; but the end will tell the strength of our bow. (Luther, August, 1530.)

**THE MONEY SCALES; OR, RICHES AND THE STRAIT GATE.**—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." *Mark x, 23.*

An opulent merchant having received a sum of money, was putting the ducats one by one into a pair of scales, in order to ascertain that they were not too light. "For my part," said Gotthold, who was present, "I should be more afraid of their being too heavy." "How so?" inquired the merchant. "Do you not think," rejoined Gotthold, "that money is too heavy when bedewed with the blood of the poor, the sweat of the laborious, and the tears of the widow and the orphan, or when loaded with the curses of those who, by fraud or violence, have been robbed of it? I will hope, however, that there are no pieces of this description in that heap of yours, or rather I will not fear that there are any. Suffer me, however, without offense, to express the wish that you will always make your conscience your scales, and weigh in it your dollars and ducats to ascertain that they are of proper weight and have been honestly acquired. Many a man never learns, till he is struggling with death, how difficult, or rather impossible, it is to force a soul, burdened with unrighteous gain, through the strait gate which

leadeth unto life. Take heed, then, that no such gain ever burdens yours. The more he carries, the more the pilgrim sweats and pants as he climbs the steep; and the more the conscience is oppressed with dishonesty and fraud, the harder will the struggle of a death-bed be." May God withhold from us the wealth to which tears, and sighs, and curses cleave.

**THE LOCK; OR, THE NAME OF JESUS.**—"And I will write upon him my new name." *Rev. iii, 12.*

A lock was shown to Gotthold, constructed of rings which were severally inscribed with certain letters, and could be turned round till the letters represented the name Jesus. It was only when the rings were disposed in this manner that the lock could be opened. The invention pleased him beyond measure, and he exclaimed: "O, that I could put such a lock as this upon my heart!" Our hearts are already locked, no doubt, but generally with a lock of quite another kind. Many need only to hear the words Gain, Honor, Pleasure, Riches, Revenge, and their heart opens in a moment, whereas to the Savior and to his holy name it continues shut. May the Lord Jesus engrave his name with his own finger upon our hearts, that they may remain closed to worldly joy and worldly pleasure, self-interest, fading honor, and low revenge, and open only to him!

**THE PAPER-MILL; OR, AN EMBLEM OF THE RESURRECTION.**—"Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." *Phil. iii, 21.*

A visit to a paper-mill suggested to Gotthold the following train of thought: And so paper—that article so useful in human life, that repository of all the arts and sciences, that minister of all governments, that broker in all trade and commerce, that second memory of the human mind, that stable pillar of an immortal name—takes its origin from vile rags? The rag-dealer trudges on foot, or drives his cart through the towns and villages, and his arrival is the signal for searching every corner, and gathering every old and useless shred. These he takes to the mill, and there they are picked, washed, mashed, shaped, and sized—in short, formed into a fabric beautiful enough to venture unabashed even into the presence of monarchs and princes. This reminds me of the resurrection of my mortal body. When deserted by the soul, I know not what better the body is than a worn and rejected rag. Accordingly, it is buried in the earth, and there reduced to dust and ashes. If, however, man's art and device can produce so pure and white a fabric as paper from filthy rags, what should hinder God by his mighty power to raise from the grave this vile body of mine, and refine and fashion it like unto the glorious body of Jesus.

**ON THE MINUTE STUDY OF SCRIPTURE.**—"Search the Scriptures." *John v, 39.*

Every sentence—we might almost say every phrase—is fraught with meaning. As it is in the book of nature, so it is in the pages of Holy Writ. Both are from the same Divine hand; and if we apply to the language of Scripture the same microscopic process which we use in scrutinizing the beauties of the natural world, and which reveal to us exquisite colors, and the most graceful texture in the petals of a flower, the fibers of a plant, or the wings of an insect, we shall discover new sources of delight, and admiration in the least portions of Holy Writ, and believe that it may be one of the employments of angels and beatified saints, in another state of existence, to gaze on the glorious mysteries of God's holy word.

\*This and the two following are from "Gotthold's Emblems; or, Invisible Things Understood by Things that are made. By Christian Scrivener." This beautiful and suggestive work was written nearly two hundred years ago, and is now introduced to the knowledge of English readers by an admirably-executed translation. The estimation in which Scrivener's writings were held in Germany, in purer times than the present, will be at once apparent from the fact that the translation has been made from the twenty-eighth edition. A recent biographer of this excellent man, in a strain of almost "hymnal panegyric," thus speaks of his devotional productions: "Scrivener had no equal in his day. In the spacious halls of Scripture he wanders up and down, more at home than in his own house. He plays on its thousand strings, like David on his harp, without one false note. He is never beneath and above, but always at the vital center of the word. From that the stream of his discourse flows forth, clear as the crystal spring of Siloa, and strong as the flood of Jordan, descending from Lebanon through the flowery borders of the Holy Land. But come and see. Do more; read the works of the old Psalmist."

## Literary Correspondence from London.

### LONDON OUT OF TOWN.

"I HAVEN'T ceased wondering yet," was Daniel Webster's reply, when, on his return from Europe, he was asked whether he had been astonished by the vastness of London. But the London of to-day has outgrown by fifty per cent. that which excited Webster's wonder. Its population was under two millions, and the lineal extent of its thoroughfares was increasing at the rate of eight or ten miles per annum, at the period of his visit; but every twelvemonth now adds a score miles of streets and squares to its extent, and some thirty-five thousand to the number of its inhabitants, who now muster little short of three millions, or treble the entire population of England and Wales at the period of the conquest.

And yet London is in the summer a waste, a solitude, a desert—its very vastness serving only to intensify the saddening influence of the spectacle of its abandoned marts of commerce, its forsaken dwellings, and its vacant thoroughfares. In its temples of justice the reverend judge no longer pronounces his equitable decrees. Its halls of legislature, where so recently the well-turned periods of the orator commended the applause of the listening senate, are silent and closed. Its academic cloisters have ceased to echo the slow footfall of the pale-eyed student. The sovereign herself has deserted the capital of her dominions, and her flight has been preceded or followed by that of the magnates of the land, whose presence around her so lately gave strength and splendor to her throne, and the effusion of whose boundless wealth imparted its chief brilliancy to the metropolis which they have now forsaken, as though it were smitten by the plague. Their equipages, which gleamed like meteors along its streets, squares, and terraces, have vanished from the scene; the interminable lines of their palatial dwellings, now closed and silent, force on the imagination the idea of a city of tombs; and in the gloom and the desolation which spread far and wide around, we almost look for the predicted tourist from New Zealand, who shall one day, "in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

But neither St. Paul's nor London Bridge is yet in ruins. Around the former the torrent of human life and traffic still heaves and thunders. On the silent highway which flows beneath the arches of the latter, we still count the rapid river steamers by the dozen, or the score, the heavy-laden barges by fifties, and the swift glancing wherries by thousands. And in every direction, amid the countless thoroughfares which lie extended under the dense canopy of smoke that stretches away to the summits of the heights which overhang the valley of the Thames, to which a hundred thousand fires contribute, and which even the meridian beams of the glorious noon-day sun, that shines as we write, can scarcely struggle through, we find the same ever-roaring tide of traffic, the same ever-heaving torrent of humanity, the same ever-present indications that we are in the largest, the wealthiest, and—though it is not much to our purpose, we may add, in consideration of its truth—the ugliest capital in the world.

"And so, then, London is not a desert, after all, and

there are no waste solitudes, no forsaken marts of commerce, no deserted dwellings, no grass-grown thoroughfares?" The fact is, gentle reader, all we have said on that point is true, not in the literal, but in the fashionable acceptation. This is the period of the Parliamentary recess, the long vacation in the law courts, and the temporary release from duty of all the statesmen, politicians, public functionaries, and professional men, who ever know a release at all. The Queen has shaken off the cares of state, committed her crown to the safe-keeping of her faithful Tower wardens, and betaken herself to her Highland home among the blue hills of the north. The Lords and Commons, whom her valedictory address the other day dismissed from their legislative labors, are now scattered widely over land and sea in every quarter of the globe. Cabinet ministers have substituted the pure breezes of the loch, the mountain, and the moor, for the stifling atmosphere of Downing-street. Grave judges, learned sergeants, Queen's Counsel, and "utter barristers," have cast aside their wigs and gowns—fashionable physicians and their patients alike have acted on the poet's maxim, and "thrown physic to the dogs"—and all have joined in the rush for the desert. The clubs are forsaken; the blinds are drawn down and the shutters closed in every house of every street in the fashionable quarters; and every family aspiring to have its name inscribed on the hot-pressed satin pages of the Court Guide, eschews its town residence till the approach of bleak autumn or winter at the earliest.

Suppose we follow in their track, ascertain their whereabouts, and glance at their occupations and distractions in the interval? In doing so, we must, of course, give the first place to the sovereign, who takes precedence of her subjects in virtue of her superior social rank and her official dignity, and to whom even the stanchest republican will give the preference over lords and commons on the score of her sex, but who, in this particular instance, has other and higher claims on the foremost place in our regards than those which are merely official or conventional. The personal graces and virtues which adorn the character of Queen Victoria far outshine even the splendor of her illustrious station, and her Christian excellences, which would command admiration in any sphere, are unparalleled as exhibited by the occupant of a throne. In every domestic relationship, as daughter, wife, and mother, her conduct presents a model of perfection which is appreciated and prized in every castle, hall, and cottage of the land. The stainless purity of her private household, and the rigid censorship which guards from the intrusion of aught that is unhallowed, even the official circle surrounding her, exert a powerfully purifying influence on the Court at large, which is thence reflected with the most salutary results on all classes of society. And the enlightened and sterling piety which guides all her movements—from the first act of the day, when her children, and those of her servants who are known to be religiously disposed, are summoned to worship at the domestic altar—strengthens the hands of every minister of true religion; and conduces to the prosperity of every orthodox Church throughout the empire. And in all this, it is only just to say, her noble example is worthily seconded



by that of the excellent Prince consort. Dispensing with the formal services of a chaplain, his Royal Highness conducts the family worship every morning, among the pious domestics attending which, the readers of the *Ladies' Repository* will be glad to learn, there is more than one Wesleyan Methodist. In her choice of a partner, as in every other great movement of her life, it has long been apparent that Queen Victoria was Divinely guided; the blessing of the God whom she and her royal husband—royal not less in virtue of his personal qualities than of his illustrious birth—devoutly worship, has rested richly on their union; and in her the British people possess, beyond all question, the best sovereign that has ever sat on the British throne, and one in comparison with whom no monarch of continental Europe is worthy to be named at all.

The interval of five or six weeks which elapses between the close of the Parliamentary session and the end of summer, is chiefly spent by her Majesty at Osborne, her marine villa in the Isle of Wight, where, with the other members of the royal family, she enjoys the benefit of the ocean bath and breeze. Both the Queen and Prince Albert are capital sailors, and yachting furnishes a right royal recreation, healthful alike for mind and body, during a great portion of this period. In the saucy, flaunting, fly-away Fairy, which looks as if the air rather than the ocean were her proper element, the royal party scour the coast and explore the shallows from the Land's End to the Straits of Dover, penetrating many a hidden creek, and steaming up many a silent river whose waters were never furrowed by a royal keel before, and leaving the unsophisticated dwellers in many a quiet village to learn a week afterward who the plainly-dressed lady and gentleman were who landed on their beach, walked up their single street, and sketched the "ivy-mantled tower," around whose base a dozen generations of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." At other times, in a bolder mood, in the stately *Victoria* and *Albert*, of two thousand tons, the illustrious pair may be found in the chops of the Channel, braving an Atlantic sou'-wester, and dashing aside the billows which roll in before its fury, unbroken since they left the American shore. There is just one locality on the Channel coast which the Queen studiously avoids. Brighton, the handsomest town, and the most fashionable watering-place in her dominions, and situate within three hours' steaming from her villa at Osborne, she never visits. The royal residence there is the Pavillon, so well known as the rural retreat—for such it then was—of George IV., when Prince of Wales and Prince Regent, and the scene of his most licentious orgies. Its foul associations cause the Queen to loathe the spot. To the pure mind of the royal matron, the very stones of the structure seem to reek with a moral leprosy. Though frequently coasting by almost within cannon-shot of the magnificent pier of Brighton, she has never, we believe, visited the place but once since her accession; and then, if we recollect aright, she and Prince Albert occupied apartments at a hotel for the single night of their stay.

Those yachting excursions are frequently associated with events of historical interest. At one time the Queen stretches across into French waters, and drops in unexpectedly to lunch with poor Louis Philippe, at the Chateau d'Eu. At another, she proceeds to her Irish dominions, with an escorting squadron of line-of-battle ships, to give *adieu* to the first visit ever paid to Ireland by an English Queen, and spends a week at Dublin, the

once brilliant and still beautiful capital of that lovely island. At another time Belgium is her destination, and she becomes the guest of King Leopold, who is uncle to Prince Albert, and whose first wife was a "daughter of England," the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, cousin to the Queen herself. But for the early death of that Princess, the name of Victoria would, in all probability, never have been inscribed on the roll of British sovereigns. But these little episodes are tame and commonplace, compared with the romance of real life connected with the royal excursions of 1855. Victoria was but an infant when Napoleon Bonaparte died at St. Helena, the prisoner of England; and with him, to all human seeming, passed away the remotest likelihood of any of his house ever after taking a place in the history of Europe. Twenty years elapsed. Victoria sat upon the throne, and with the permission of her Government the ashes of that great chief were conveyed from his prison-grave to Paris, "to repose on the banks of the Seine, among the people he had loved so well;" and even then the Prince who was destined to revive his dynasty and restore the empire, was an outcast from France; an impoverished, homeless, nameless adventurer. Sixteen years more passed away. The Tuileries had opened its portals to the outcast, and France invested him with the Imperial purple; Great Britain and her "natural enemy" of a thousand years were allied in the prosecution of a great war against a common foe; and Queen Victoria, her gloved hand resting in friendship in the gauntleted palm of the Third Napoleon, stood in reverential awe beside the tomb of the First, under the dome of the Invalides!

When the close of summer is upon us, and "northward" is the word, on a beautiful morning, the Queen and Prince, with the royal children and a numerous suite, start by rail for the Highlands. The elements of the wild and the wonderful are scarcely to be looked for in a railway journey within the limits of Great Britain; yet the progress of her Majesty from her marine residence on the southern shore, to her more secluded autumnal retreat among the northern hills, is not without its associations of deep and varied interest. To those of her subjects who dwell along the line she traverses, and whose glimpses of royalty are very few and very far between—as the same route is seldom adopted in two successive years—the day on which they get a passing sight of Queen Victoria is the brightest day in all the year. Not only in all the stations, but at every favorable stand-point along the line, from the south of England to the north of Scotland, do the inhabitants of the country, for many miles around, assemble in vast multitudes, though a single glimpse of the illustrious party is all they can in general expect to obtain, as the royal train rushes past like a sirocco, at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, allowing time only for a single cheer on the part of the crowd, which is responded to by the Queen with a wave of her handkerchief, and by Prince Albert with a wave of his hat. At the utmost speed of the train, however, the persons of the royal party and their responsive gestures are distinctly seen, the sides of the saloon-carriage which they occupy being of plate-glass throughout.

It is no abstract reverence for power, no superstitious belief in the antiquated dogma of the divine right of monarchs, which causes the progress of Queen Victoria through the land to prove one long ovation. Had that

selfish and heartless voluptuary, George IV, swayed the British scepter in 1848, when all the continent of Europe was lighted up with the flames of civil war, and resounding with the crash of falling thrones, England would assuredly have been absorbed into the revolutionary vortex. But the foundations of Victoria's throne are laid broad and deep in the reverence of her people for her personal character. The haughtiest noble sees in her a sovereign, the dignity of whose demeanor corresponds with the splendors of her station. The humblest worker beholds in her an amiable Christian lady, whose kind heart ever swells with sympathy toward the toiling masses of her people. And all classes of her subjects exult in the contemplation of her social virtues and her sterling piety, which would shed a broad and vivid light in any sphere, but which, exhibited at the lofty height which Queen Victoria occupies, pour their radiance over all the land.

In a journey so rapid, and performed with not above one or two halts between London and Edinburgh, there is little scope for novel adventure, and the few incidents which break the uniformity are interesting from their touching gracefulness rather than from their importance. For instance, the royal party at last do halt at a border town for lunch; quite time they did, too, for they have traveled three hundred miles since breakfast, and have half as many more still to accomplish before they reach Holyrood, where they dine and pass the night. In going to and returning from the temporary parlors in which refreshments have been provided, they are, of course, greeted by the acclamations of the dense multitude who crowd the station, in the foremost rank of whom the Queen's quick eye is attracted by the exceeding beauty of a young girl, in years little more than a child, but in appearance almost arrived at mature womanhood. She is the daughter of one of the railway officials, and resides in the station, which accounts for her being unbanned, a circumstance which renders her beauty the more striking, as it permits her rich golden hair to fall unrestrained in heavy tresses on her shoulders. Except her natural loveliness, there is not a single ornament about her, and she is simply attired in a white muslin dress. In her hand is a magnificent bouquet, which she has prepared for the purpose of presenting to the Queen; but now, at the last moment, she hesitates, trembles, and fears to execute her purpose. The Queen, returning to the train, reaches the spot where she stands—the young girl's heart fails her—the Queen passes on, and the opportunity is lost forever. Not so, however. Her Majesty, having taken her seat in the carriage, looks back, catches the eye of the fair girl, and beckons her forward. She obeys, in a flutter, which renders her advance an act of instinct rather than one of true volition. The Queen addresses her, probably asks her name, and says a few words to her, perhaps kind words of matronly advice. Their purport is of course unknown to the crowd, but when her Majesty finally leans forward and kisses the blushing cheek of the beautiful girl, the action is unmistakable, and a cheer from ten thousand voices almost splits the roof. The maiden presents her bouquet, and retires weeping with pride and joy; and the next moment, with a farewell cheer from the multitude, and a parting wave of the Queen's handkerchief, the royal train is swallowed up in the distance.

At another time, in her northward route, passing in an open phaeton through a great city, the center of a

densely peopled manufacturing district, her Majesty witnesses a demonstration peculiar to the locality, and on a scale which no spot in her dominions but Manchester could present. The royal party find themselves brought to a halt in the center of a temporary structure which may be described as an oblong amphitheater, without a roof. The retreating tiers of seats rise one above another to the number of eighteen or twenty, and stretch away for two hundred and fifty yards from end to end on either side, and are occupied from top to bottom throughout their entire length, by the children of all the Sabbath schools of all the religious denominations in the locality. The juveniles of course eagerly gaze on the royal party, and the portion of the drama assigned to themselves, which they are just about to be called upon to play, is momentarily forgotten. But, a single bugle-note rings out, conveying the warning signal of "attention," and the whole youthful mass is suddenly smitten into marble. A pause of a minute ensues, just long enough to permit the eye of the Queen to range along those living walls, which it does with evident and earnest admiration. A second bugle-note is heard, and, prompt as its echo, and with the precision of some nicely-adjusted machine, that mighty multitude of children are uprisen, with their heads uncovered. Again a pause of half a minute, again the bugle breaks the hushed stillness with a single note—and then, from the voices of eighty thousand young immortals the solemn strain of "God Save the Queen" peals forth with indescribable effect. More skillful and highly trained artists have often performed that famous anthem in the presence of her Majesty in gilded hall, and beneath fretted vault, but probably never did its strains go so directly to her heart as when uttered in that "church of the blue arch," in the shrill tones of such a multitude of those who shall be the men and women of England when she will have been gathered to her fathers, and her son shall reign in her stead. The depth of her emotion is indicated by the fact that she lowers her veil, which she has never been known to do in the presence of her loving people before; the Prince consort passes his hand suspiciously across his eyes; and the young Princess Royal, equally susceptible with her parents, and less restrained by considerations of state dignity, fairly sobs.

But the first day's journey is accomplished, Edinburgh is gained and traversed, and in the level rays of the setting sun the Royal Standard ascends the flag-staff over Holyrood, announcing that the Queen has just passed within its portal. The circumstance of a female monarch sojourning within that ancient pile has no parallel since the days of the fair and hapless Mary Stuart, and the peaceful and unostentatious visit of Queen Victoria strikingly recalls by contrast the diversified and eventful scenes which those old historic walls have witnessed. Thence haughty ecclesiastics fulminated their anathemas, which have convulsed nations and shaken thrones. There mailed and bearded barons have rioted in all the insolence of conquest, and given its splendid garniture to fire, and its shrieking inmates to the sword. In its chambers the demon of popular fanaticism has held sway, and consigned to destruction its noblest monuments of architectural genius and artistic skill. And in more modern times it has furnished accommodation for the gorgeous Court and costly levees of the sovereign of one of the greatest nations of the earth—for here George IV held state during his single visit to Scotland—and

gave shelter to the dethroned and fugitive monarch of another—for here Charles X of France found refuge after the Revolution of 1830. But for the times of Queen Victoria was reserved the first occasion on which a female sovereign, a veritable descendant of the unhappy Queen of Scots, should sojourn where Mary wept and Rizzio died.

A comparatively short journey, less than half that of the first day, takes the royal party, on the second, to Balmoral, where the hardy Highlanders of Braemar receive their Queen with hearts as warm and cheers as loud as any that have greeted her since she left the shore of the English Channel. And here we shall make our bow to her Majesty, and withdraw from her presence; for, though we have placed the royal party in the foreground of our sketch, we must not permit them to monopolize the canvas. During the six or eight weeks spent in the Highlands, the Prince consort engages in such farming operations as are suited to the season, angles, shoots grouse, and stalks the red deer. The Queen, accompanied by the royal children, rambles among the cottages in the vicinity of the Castle, supplies necessities to the poor and comforts to the sick, and inspects the schools she has established on the estate—which, by the way, is her own private property, having been purchased from the privy purse. And the Queen and Prince ride and drive among the hills wherever carriage can run or horse can walk, sketch the scenery, visit the festive gatherings of the peasantry, and effect wonders in the promotion of habits of thrift, order, and tidiness among the surrounding population. And regularly on each Sabbath the entire family, parents and children, may be found quietly occupying their own pew in their own humble parish church of Crathie, and devoutly uniting in the worship, which is conducted by the ordinary parish minister, in all respects in accordance with the regular usage of the Established Church of Scotland, namely, the Presbyterian Kirk; very much to the disgust and indignation of the lineal successors of the apostles in the Anglican Establishment, who can not understand why it is that a judgment does not befall her Majesty for omitting to take a Puseyite chaplain in her suite when she journeys northward.

The remaining figures in our design for this sketch of "London out of Town" are far too numerous to admit their being introduced in much detail, so that we can only present them in an outlined group. They comprehend some three thousand families, or twenty thousand individuals, and constitute the fashionable world in these parts. There are, of course, vast numbers besides of the well-to-do middle class of Londoners, who are also away at English or continental watering-places at this period; but these latter do not come within the scope of our regards, which are limited at present to the exclusive set known as the Court Circle, the only legitimate passport to which is presentation at the royal levee or drawing-room. Of the families composing this patrician coterie, quite one-half have no direct connection with political affairs—no husband, brother, father, or son in the Cabinet, or in either house of Parliament, and their movements, therefore, are wholly unrestricted by the sittings of the Legislature. Nevertheless, to all alike the prorogation of Parliament is the close of the London season, and the signal of dispersal. The levees and drawing-rooms at St. James's, and the state-balls and concerts at Buckingham Palace, have terminated previously, and the gayeties at the private mansions of the aristocracy have begun to flag; but the

delivery of the Queen's speech at the close of the session, is the signal for the descent of the curtain, and the commencement of the rush; and forthwith the privileged thirty thousand, taking Belgrave, or Mayfair, as their point of departure, radiate thence toward all the points of the compass, in the prosecution of views and enterprises as diversified as the routes they adopt. In a sketch of their pursuits during the recess, no distinction of sex can be observed, as no sport is now too athletic, or too dangerous for the English lady to engage in, and no wild is too remote or too savage for her to penetrate, in the company of her husband. The question has now become, not where *is*, but where *is not* the English lady to be found? Several ladies of undoubted respectability and reputation lived with their husbands under canvas, and were frequently under fire during both campaigns in the Crimea; and one lady of title was actually in the advance trenches during a great portion of the final terrific bombardment of Sevastopol.

Within forty-eight hours of the prorogation of Parliament, then, no small portion of the fashionable world of London may be found in the chops of the Channel, "staggering along" under the pennons of fifty yacht clubs; and an equal and greater portion may be found lounging along the Boulevards of Paris, shopping in the Palais Royal, and riding and driving in the Champs Elysees, and the Bois de Boulogne. A powerful division, bent on slaughter, has headed northward, with a view to grouse-shooting on the moors, and deer-stalking in the Highlands; a detachment has dared the navigation of the North Sea, destined for operations on the Norwegian salmon-streams; and an invading army has entered central Germany, and established a corps of occupation in every watering-place from the Rhine to the Elbe. Before a week has elapsed, some bold spirits among the worshippers of the sublime and beautiful will have commenced the ascent of the Swiss glaciers; some adventurous exploring parties will be threading the grand and awful gorges of the Connemara Mountains; and some admirers of nature in her calm and quiet loveliness may be found gazing with rapture from the wooded heights upon the fairy isle and crystal waters of Glengariff and Killarney. Of those whose excursive purposes embrace a wider range, the lapse of a fortnight or a month will find some smoking their chibouques in the reception-hall of Abdul Medjid; some taking "horse exercise" on the humps of high-trotting dromedaries in the shadow of the Great Pyramid; and some listening to the everlasting thunder of Niagara. Still later in the season, some thoughtful tourist, of whom Mr. Layard is the type, may be found studying the cuneiform character on the Nimroud sculptures, by the far Euphrates; some scientific explorers are supping on broiled rattlesnake, in the goat-skin tent of a Koordish chief, or winning their way through tribes of hostile savages toward the great central African lake; and some mighty hunters, to whom the field-sports of Europe are tame and commonplace, are bringing down the tiger in his spring in the Carnatic, stalking the elephant on the Caffrarian frontier, or bagging the bison at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

The middle of December will witness the return of the greater number of the seekers of pleasure or adventure; and early in the new year the metropolis will again begin to fill, and toward the close of January the Queen will open Parliament, and London will be once more in town.



## New York Literary Correspondence.

It seems strange that in England, the most enlightened country on the face of the earth, there should exist an "Association for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes bearing upon the Diffusion of Knowledge." At its late annual meeting renewed efforts were put forth to cause the repeal of the excise duty on paper, which, so says the resolution, "limits its supply and enhances its price, is ruinous to the small manufacturer, restricts the field for the employment of capital and labor, and thus tends to produce pauperism and crime."

This duty amounts to the sum of about three cents per pound. It makes this difference, that common wrapping paper, which in this country sells at about three cents per pound, in England sells for nine cents, a difference attributable wholly to this direct taxation. Of course the same difference is made in all the finer qualities of paper. The consequences of this and other modes of direct taxation upon the mechanical agents in the diffusion of knowledge, are, that good cheap books are very nearly unknown in England, and *well-printed* cheap books are an impossibility. The best authors are accessible only to the wealthier classes, and a good standard literature is a luxury, instead of what it should be, a necessity, within reach of the poorest. What the Government makes annually by this tax, is not stated. But the day seems to be drawing nigh when such means for raising money will be superseded by better. Then the English peasant may hope to have his "standard authors" fairly printed at as many shillings as they now cost crowns.

Pending which much hoped-for consummation, many of the best authors of Britain print "cheap editions" of their books, for popular use. These are gotten up on poor paper, and in a flimsy and altogether un-English way. But they serve, for all that, the purpose of giving to England's millions access to the best minds of this country.

It is curious that Thomas Carlyle, the most noble Roman of them all, the man who has spoken out most eloquently for the universal brotherhood denied by England's shams, is the last one to give his books to the people, for whom they were most certainly written. He who seems as eroded in disposition as in English, has hitherto printed and published on a plan so intensely old foggy as to be amusing. Here is his process up to the present year:

"He writes a book, has it put into the printer's hands, buys the paper on which it is printed, bargains with the bookbinder, and, when 1,000 copies are complete, sells the lot at so much a copy to his publishers. By this process he gains about 10 per cent. more than if he went on the beaten track, and he keeps his books up at a high price. When a book of his is printed, the type is distributed. When the publishers find that the demand warrants a new edition, they apply to Mr. Carlyle, who has the books reset—all the labor, bother, and extra cost of recomposition being repeated."

He is now having published a cheap edition of his works in six shilling—25 cent—volumes; and will probably realize more from this edition than all the previous ones.

Poor Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, novelist, statesman, and eulogizer of cold water, has lately been victimised to an unreasonable extent. Not satisfied with having decreed that Professor Aytoun, a literary Scotchman, should proclaim the noble baronet "the greatest living author of Great Britain"—him who has done more than any other of those living authors to deprave the morals, sentiments, and literary tastes of the British reading public—not satisfied with this, his adverse fates caused Lady Bulwer to write a book against him, and about him, so inhumanly, womanly bitter, that one dare not even laugh at the droll and disgusting portraiture of Sir Janus Allpuff—Sir E. B. L.—there given.

"Thirty years ago, when Miss Rosina Wheeler—an Irish lady—married the author of 'Pelham,' then only a 'rising young man,' she was one of the handsomest young women in London, with considerable accomplishments, and some talent to boot. Incompatibility of temper—hers was soured, it is said, by curt treatment from her aristocratic mother-in-law—caused a separation after a couple of years, and the ill-sorted pair have not met for nearly twenty years. The husband pursued his career, which has been a very brilliant one. The wife, who had previously shown some ability in a story called the 'Supper of Sallust,' in Fraser's Magazine, also threw her mind into authorship, and came before the world in 1839, with a novel called 'Cheveley, or the Man of Honor,' the great aim of which was to antirize her mother-in-law, her husband, and her brother-in-law, Sir Henry Bulwer. In twelve months more, out came her 'Budget of the Bubble Family'—also in ridicule of her husband and his immediate relatives. A third novel, of the same class, was 'Behind the Scenes.' She has written four other works of fiction, in which her husband is not alluded to."

Having rested from her amiable labors for some years, she now reappears, with "Very Successful," a novel in three volumes—three volumes of unceasing abuse of her liege lord.

Lady B. was evidently "angry" when she wrote it. Her temper got so far the better of her, that she is not only impolite and ungraciously sarcastic, but blasphemous and indecent. She accuses "Sir Janus Allpuff" of the most atrocious crimes. Not only he, however, but many of his friends are roughly handled, and under the very thinnest disguises. Here is Sir Janus Allpuff:

"In years I don't believe he's much more than fifty; but from the horrible life he has led he looks eighty; however, in the puffs, of course all this is attributed to his literary labors. His person is not so easy to describe: it is the head of a goat on the body of a grasshopper. But it's the expression of his face that is so horrible; the lines in it make it look like an intersected map of vice, bounded on one side by the Black Sea of Hypocrisy, and on the other by the Falsehood Mountains."

I venture to quote again:

"Who are those two ill-looking fellows opposite to us, the one with black ringlets that look as if they were made out of snakes and leeches, and the other with a head of light hair and mustaches, like a distaff gone mad; and the lines in both their faces giving one the idea

of the devil having ridden rough-shod over them, and indented the hoof of every vice into them?"

"O, those," laughed Mr. Bouverie, "are Mr. Jericho and Sir Janus Allpuff, my Lord Oakes's two leading acrobats."

It may be well to add that Lady Bulwer Lytton has a very handsome income secured to her by the deed of separation. When Sir Edward succeeded to his mother's estate, at Knebworth, worth some fifteen thousand pounds per annum, he very liberally, and wholly without solicitation on her part, trebled the allowance which she had previously received from him. Lady Bulwer Lytton generally resides at Florence, with Mrs. Trollope—your Cincinnati Mrs. Trollope—as her companion, house-mate, friend, and—it is added—anti-husband counselor. Her Ladyship's personal attractions, once so considerable, have disappeared, absorbed in unromantic obesity, and she has now turned "the sharp corner" of her fiftieth year.

The book, as was to be expected, has caused an immense sensation. The publishers have been induced to stop its sale; and as the demand is of course heightened by this proceeding, I learn that a speculative American firm have determined upon reprinting it.

Some late munificent bequests to Mrs. Browning, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Southey, and other celebrities in the world of letters, have caused the public to ask, "Who was John Kenyon?" who, dying, left such legacies to such friends. Mr. Kenyon was a wealthy man, of little genius, of much kindness of heart, and a keen appreciator and hearty encourager of literary merit. He wrote "A Rhymed Plea for Florence," "A Day at Tivoli," and some shorter poems, in all three volumes, which have never attracted attention, except for the author's sake, being, as poetry, respectable—and nothing more.

In the Rhymed Plea for Florence, printed in 1833, he claims the broadest freedom for all shades of religious—and *irreligious*—opinion. His Plea, it seems to me, sometimes claimed too little for true Christianity. What effect it produced, no one pretends to tell. There are in it some good lines. A persecutor for religion's sake he compares with a Roman bandit:

"The point full sharp for deeds of blood and guilt,  
And our meek Savior carved upon the hill."

Of belief, or faith, he seems to have entertained queer ideas:

"Belief is toll of brain—'tis labor's dower,  
Reared painfully thro' frost, and sun, and shower.  
And the slow growth of many a ripening hour,  
That, like the aloe's blossom, long to come,  
Yet comes at last, and bears immortal bloom."

Mr. Kenyon was a cousin of Mrs. Browning, who dedicated to him her last book, "Aurora Leigh."

Once in a while some keen-scented antiquary rescues from a—perhaps merited—oblivion, some old, musty tome, turning whose pages we get curious glimpses at the manners of the days of lang syne. Such a literary curiosity, just now unearthed, gives us an interesting account of "good Queen Bess," England's virgin Queen. It is a volume of travels, by Paul Hentzner, a German, who of course calls himself Paulus Hentznerus, and who, in the last decade of the sixteenth century, traveled through Germany, France, England, and Italy. Here is the title:

"Pauli Hentzneri, JC. Itinerarium Germaniæ, Galliæ, Angliæ, Italiæ: cum Indice Locorum, Rerum, atque Verborum commemorabilium. Huic libro accessere nova hæc editione—I. Monita Peregrinatoria duorum doctissimorum viro- rum; Itemque Inerti auctoris Epitome Præcognitorum Historicorum, antehac non edita. Noribergæ, Typis Abrahami Wagenmanni, sumptibus suipsius et Johan. Guntzelii, anno MDCXXIX."

He arrived in England in 1598. He took ship with his friends at Depa, vulgo Dieppe, and after a boisterous voyage, they landed at Rye. On their arrival they were conducted to a Notarius, who asked their names, and inquired for what object they came to England. After they had satisfied his official inquiries, they were conducted to a Diversorium, and treated to a good dinner, *pro regionis more*, according to the custom of the country. From Rye they rode to London, passing Flimwolt, Tumbridge, and Chepeton on their way. Arrived in London they were one day introduced into the Presence-chamber, and saw the Queen. The walls of the room were covered with precious tapestry, the floor strewn with hay. The Queen had to pass through on going to chapel. It was a Sunday, when all the nobility came to pay their respects.

She is thus minutely described:

"She was said—*pumor erat*—to be fifty-five years old. Her face was rather long, white, and somewhat wrinkled. Her eyes small, black, and gracious; her nose somewhat bent; her lips compressed; her teeth black—from eating too much sugar. She had earrings of pearls; red hair, but artificial, and wore a small crown. Her breast was uncovered—as is the case with all unmarried ladies in England—and round her neck was a chain with precious gems. Her hands were graceful, her fingers long. She was of middle size, but stepped on majestically. She was gracious and kind in her address. The dress she wore was of white silk, with pearls as large as beans. Her cloak was of black silk, with silver lace, and a long train was carried by a Marchioness. As she walked along she spoke most kindly with many people, some of them ambassadors. She spoke English, French, and Italian; but she knows also Greek and Latin, and understands Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Those whom she addressed bent their knees, and some she lifted up with her hand. To a Bohemian nobleman of the name of Slawata, who had brought some letters to the Queen, she gave her right hand, after taking off her glove, and he kissed it. Wherever she turned her eyes, people fell on their knees. When she came to the door of the chapel, books were handed to her, and the people called out, 'God save the Queen Elizabeth!' whereupon the Queen answered, 'I thanke you myn good pepul.'"

In some things the English of those days were marvelously like those of the present:

"The English are grave, like the Germans, magnificent at home and abroad. They carry with them a large train of followers and servants. These have silver shields on their left arm, and a pig-tail. The English excel in dancing and music. They are swift and lively, though stouter than the French. They shave the middle portion of the head, but leave the hair untouched on each side. They are good sailors, and famous pirates; clever, perfidious, and thievish. About three hundred are hanged in London every year. At table they are more civil than the French. They eat less bread, but more meat, and they dress it well. They throw much sugar into their

wine. They suffer frequently from leprosy, commonly called the white, which is said to have come to England in the time of the Normans. They are brave in battle, and always conquer their enemies. At home they brook no manner of servitude. They are very fond of noises that fill the ears, as explosions of guns, trumpets, and bells. In London, persons who have got drunk, are wont to mount a church tower, for the sake of exercise, and to ring the bells for several hours. If they see a foreigner who is handsome and strong, they are sorry that he is not an Angliens—*vulgo* Englishman."

An extended biography of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, has just appeared in London. It is dry to the very last degree, consisting in great part of extracts from his journals. How is it that every great man keeps a journal? Does he forebode his greatness, and predetermine its extent by the comparative fullness of the journal? or does sometimes the journal make the man? The materials brought together in this volume will be valuable for some future biographer of Sir Joshua. We learn that although he was eminently calculated to succeed in landscape painting, it would appear that he only painted three pictures of the sort of any importance. One of these was purchased at the sale of Lady Thonmond's pictures, by the late Samuel Rogers, for one hundred and fifty-five guineas, and lately exchanged hands, at the sale of the poet's effects, for four hundred and thirty guineas. He was very industrious. In some years he painted upward of one hundred and twenty portraits, and exhibited as many as seventeen pictures at the Royal Academy. The prices charged by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he commenced portrait-painting at his house, in St. Martin's Lane, were ten, twenty, and forty guineas for the three usual sizes—a head, half-length, and whole length.

In 1766 Sir Joshua raised the prices of his portraits for the third time, charging one hundred and fifty pounds for a whole length, seventy pounds for a half-length, and thirty pounds for a head. He worked assiduously in his painting-room, to which he repaired at ten o'clock in the morning, receiving sitters till four in the afternoon. His habit was to devote one hour to each sitter; and the pages of his pocket-book prove that he worked with great punctuality and dispatch, often receiving as many as seven sitters in one day.

He is described as never having been so happy as when in his painting-room, and to have often confessed that when he had complied with the invitations of the nobility to spend a few days of relaxation at their country-seats, he always returned home like one who had been kept so long without his natural food.

Rev. B. Maunsell, missionary in New Zealand, writes to London that he has just completed a full translation of the Bible into the Maori, the language of New Zealand. He has been thirteen years engaged upon this important work. Thus day by day light is given to the heathen.

It appears that the decision in regard to libelous publications, in England, to which some allusion was made in my last letter—and which made newspaper editors responsible in damages for libelous language used by public speakers, whose remarks were faithfully reported—has excited much discussion in England. It seems, too, that the judges in their decision but faithfully carried out the letter of the law; so that they were not to blame.

Lady Franklin has asked for another expedition, to

search for the remains of her husband, and his brave comrades. She says, in her letter to Lord Palmerston, "This final and exhausting search is all I seek in behalf of the first and only martyr to arctic discovery, in modern times, and it is all I ever intend to ask." This is the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick."

An Italian has just discovered a novel and ingenious application of electricity, by which writing may be rapidly and faithfully transcribed at any distance; and pictures may be also accurately copied—the outlines. It is stated that telegraphic communications will be much facilitated by this discovery.

Those who have read the *Wandering Jew* of Eugene Sue, may remember that in that work the Jesuits are very severely handled. Recently M. Sue had occasion to have some shirts made. This work was intrusted to a young workwoman, a Catholic. Learning of this, her priest forbade her the prosecution of the work, under pain of eternal punishment; and M. Sue was obliged to go elsewhere for shirts.

"What is a worm?" is often asked. A good deal, sometimes. That literary old granny, the London Athenæum, makes a worm the pretext for the following critical absurdity. A gentleman named Stewart wrote and published a novel, called *Oliver Cromwell*, of which the Athenæum makes this note:

"*Oliver Cromwell; a Story of the Civil War.* By Charles Edward Stewart (!) Two vols. Smith, Elder & Co.—We do not mean to imply that Mr. Charles Edward Stewart is a 'pretender,' but we do say that, in novel writing, he is no lawful and rightful king. This is a most dreary creation as the press ever flattened out or vomited forth. Here, for the thousandth time, we have the stock characters, and situations of all such conceptions and misconceptions. As usual, there is Zerubbabel, always in trouble; a royalist colonel, the villain infernal; Margery fair, with a curl in her hair; Manasses, the father, a screw—a bore, rather; then Hubert, the lover, a fool we discover; King Charles, quite the martyr, who tore up the charter; and Milton who prosers till every one dozes; then Elijah who prates, and Job who debates, while Statham dilates; and Joshua, and Noah, and Slick, and a score who each talk for four. Mr. Stewart, no more, or we sleep and we snore."

Ralph Waldo Emerson is now engaged upon what he intends shall be the great work of his life—a volume to be called "The Natural History of Intellect." It will not appear for some time yet. He has just completed the manuscript of a work to be entitled, "The Conduct of Life."

Mr. Charles C. Dana has ready for the press a volume to be called "The Household Book of Poetry." It is a selection from the English, Irish, Scotch, and American poets, from the earliest times to the present. The selections will be ranged under separate heads, of which he makes eight; namely, the poetry of nature, childhood, love, patriotism, comedy, thought, tragedy, and religion. Each piece selected will be inserted entire. Whatever is too long for this purpose will be omitted. The purpose is to furnish in one volume all the most beautiful of the minor poems of the language, and thus enable all lovers of poetry, poor as well as rich, to have a means of readily familiarizing themselves with all the most beautiful household poems. Such an undertaking could not be in better hands. Mr. Dana is a man whose correct literary taste is generally acknowledged.



## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT IN THE CASE OF DRED SCOTT.**—It is not for us to argue the legal aspects of this decision; but, in common with our fellow-citizens, we may calmly note what it contains, and the results toward which it points. By this decision slavery is incorporated into the Constitution of the United States, and thus ceases to be the creature of local law, or State legislation. In a word, it is no longer a local, but a national institution. It is made the legal condition of all the federal territory of the United States. Congress can not exclude it. The people of the territory can not exclude it. For the ownership of slaves is the *vested right of property* guaranteed by the Constitution. To nationalize slavery in fact, as it now is in theory, only one step more is needed. That step is an inevitable logical sequence from the one just taken, and will probably be taken as soon as the occasion for it occurs. It is simply that no state government has a right to deprive any citizen of property, which the Constitution of the United States protects him in holding, and, therefore, that *all laws of any State, which prohibit any citizen of the United States from holding slaves as property in said state, are unconstitutional and void.*

It needs not the ken of a prophet to predict that this will be, not the inauguration of peace in the great controversy, but the beginning of a new era in that controversy. While slavery was regarded simply as a state institution, wholly outside of the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, and over which that Government had no control, and for which it had no responsibility, the great body of citizens, even in the free states, felt themselves in no way implicated in the "great evil." But now that slavery is no longer to be regarded as a creature of the state, but of the Federal Government, the conscience of this great class will be effectually touched.

In this remarkable decision Judge Taney says: "It does not follow that a man, being a citizen of one state, must be recognized as such by every state in the Union. He may be a citizen in one state, and not recognized as such in another." The Constitution of the United States says, "The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states." We leave our readers to harmonize the two.

**WESTERN AND EASTERN MISSIONARY COLLECTIONS.**—The grand aggregate of collections for missionary work during the year was \$238,441.92. Of the above, \$162,617.72 were paid to the Treasurer at New York, and \$75,824.20 to the Assistant Treasurer in Cincinnati. At first glance, this would seem to imply that the west is far behind, if not absolutely delinquent, in the collection of missionary funds. Having heard this statement made repeatedly in private circles, and once or twice gravely hinted on public occasions, we examined this report in relation to the subject. On doing so, we found that the apparent deficiencies in the west, resulted from the fact that seven of the western conferences pay their collections directly to the Treasurer in New York. This led us to a little calculation of the amounts credited to eastern conferences as compared with the western. Leaving

the Oregon and California conferences out of the computation, we obtain the following result:

Credited to eastern conferences.....	\$103,347 72
Credited to western conferences.....	95,543 20
Balance in favor of eastern conferences.....	\$7,804 52

Now, what we propose, as a practical result, is, that the western conferences shall *this year* turn the scale of benevolence in their favor. Indeed, we are not certain but the stewardship of wealth, if not of numbers, requires this of the west. There are some forms of emulation which we do not much admire; but here is one which may be at once noble and generous—Christ-like.

**THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN IN NEW YORK.**—The annual statement of the parent Book Concern in New York has been examined by us with unusual interest. It clearly demonstrates that this institution of the Church is still continuing to develop its capacities, and to enlarge the sphere of its operations.

Its entire assets are.....	\$643,224 44
Liabilities, including debts to the Church South.....	173,132 70
Net capital.....	\$470,091 74

The aggregate profits are \$35,147.18, of which \$19,282.44 were exhausted by sundry appropriations and repairs, leaving a net profit of only \$15,864.74.

The amount of sales, which must have become enormous as compared with former years, is not included in the items of the report. We regret its omission; for in that item we take vastly more interest than in that of "profit." The latter is but a secondary object of the Concern; the grand aggregate of religious literature supplied to the people is, by far, the better measure of its doings. We trust the time is not far distant when the word "profit" will no longer be a necessity in these publishing interests.

From the report of the Book Committee we learn that "several very important necessary improvements have been made, which greatly add to the attraction and convenience of the establishment." The arrangement of the offices of the Agents and clerks, and also of the sales-room, has been thoroughly remodeled. We congratulate our brethren on this event.

Of the periodicals the Committee speak in an encouraging manner—the Advocate and Journal, Quarterly Review, and National Magazine, are all increasing their subscription lists. In New York, as in Cincinnati, the early period at which the Book Committee holds its annual meeting, is not the most favorable time for reporting the circulation of the periodicals. Yet definite data are to be preferred to indefinite statements.

The Sunday School Advocate has attained the magnificent circulation of 158,000, and is still rising. The tract enterprise seems pretty much *in statu quo*. The fact is, its local machinery through the country never was in working order, and has speedily gone into very general disuse. This vast interest of the Church ought not to be permitted to fail, even though its foundations have to be laid anew. Despite the opposition to special agencies, we think a tract secretary and editor will be found indispensable.

**EDUCATION IN CANADA.**—The following tables, compiled from the annual reports of the superintendents, show the progress of education in the Canadas:

UPPER CANADA.	1852.	1854.	1855.
Number of institutions.....	3,391.....	3,515.....	3,600
Number of Pupils.....	203,986.....	217,356.....	227,864
LOWER CANADA.	1852.	1854.	1855.
Number of institutions.....	2,352.....	2,795.....	2,860
Number of pupils.....	108,284.....	119,737.....	126,677

Compared with the population, the above data produce the following results:

	Scholars.	Population.	Per centage.
Upper Canada.....	227,864.....say	1,050,000.....say	22½
Lower Canada.....	126,677.....say	900,000.....say	14

This will compare favorably with the state of education in the United States. Many of our states, especially in the south, show a per centage much below either of the above figures. Dr. Ryerson, well known as an eminent Wesleyan preacher, is the chief Superintendent for Upper Canada.

**RESORT OF ENGLISH FASHIONABLES TO SEVASTOPOL.**—In our London letter we have a description of the summer excursions of the English gentility. In the summers and autumns of 1854 and 1855, those excursions took a new turn. Then all the attractions of the earth were comprised within the narrow limits of the Black and Baltic Seas. Scenic beauty was regarded as exhibited in its most exquisite development by the British Baltic fleet in line of battle; and the claims of the Swiss Alps and the Connemara Andes, the lakes of Killarney and the lakes of Cumberland, were utterly ignored. The terrible splendors of a flight of Congreve rockets discharged against some Russian fortress, or the watch-fires of the allied troops sparkling along some rocky crest which rose above it, were pronounced infinitely superior, in picturesque effect, to the most magnificent sunrise ever viewed from the summit of Mont Blanc. The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii lost their attractions in comparison with those of the battered, captured, and demolished forts of Bomarsund; and Vesuvius itself, though actually in eruption at the time, paled its ineffectual fires before the flood of flame poured forth by the French and English batteries upon Sevastopol. A hundred English yachts, erstwhile accustomed at that period to whiten the waters of the English Channel, then covered with their snowy canvas those of the Aland Archipelago; and had the Queen's marine excursion in either of those seasons taken the same direction, and a royal levee been announced to be held on board the flag-ship Duke of Wellington, the sound of a signal gun from that leviathan would probably have called around her Majesty an assemblage of the representatives of the Court circle equally numerous with those which ordinarily pay their respects to her on similar occasions in the throne-room of St. James's.

But the war has ended, and its excitement has subsided; though for long years to come many a pilgrimage will be made from England to the heights of the Alma, and the slopes of Inkermann, and the fatal valley where the Light Brigade "charged on death" at Balaklava.

**VICTORIA ON HER SUMMER EXCURSION.**—An English correspondent, describing the royal family in their progress northward through the realm, says: "No military escort swells the train; no jealous precautions are adopted to shield her from the bullet or the poniard of the assassin. Her glance does not quail in the craven fear of conscious

guilt as she gazes on the masses of her people; for she does not discover, among the tens of thousands who crowd around her, one scowling brow to charge her with the blood of a slaughtered relative. She does not seek to dazzle by the pomp of processional display, but, divesting herself of the gorgeous trappings of her queenly office, she moves in the midst of her people, presenting to the eye few other claims on their regards than those which admirably attach to the position of an English lady. Yet what a reception is hers! She passes through the land like a sunbeam, shedding light and warmth around her path. The most phlegmatic nature is kindled into temporary enthusiasm by her presence; the destitute cease to remember their poverty in the fervor of their loyal devotion; the distinctions of rank among the crowding masses are blended and forgotten; and the lisping tones of infancy, the full, deep voice of vigorous manhood, and the trembling accents of old age, combine to give audible utterance to the blessing which swells from every heart upon the head of the most excellent sovereign that has ever sat upon an earthly throne!"

**HON. J. M. CLAYTON'S TESTIMONY FOR CHRIST.**—In the will of this distinguished statesman, which has been published recently, the very first clause bears the following testimony in favor of the Christian religion: "First. I leave to my friends and relatives, as well as to all others who may think my opinion of any value, this testimonial, that the religion taught in the New Testament is the best that has been offered for our adoption, both for this world and for that which is to come, and that Jesus Christ was the true Messiah, and will remain forever the Redeemer and Savior of fallen man. Let my humble testimony stand in favor of the Christian religion. I am deeply, thoroughly convinced of its truth."

**MUMMIES AND MUMMY DUST.**—A writer in a London monthly says that the Egyptian mummies were largely used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and even later by many of the physicians of Italy, France, and Germany. Naturalists describe a rare specimen of a mummy found in the Canary Island, Teneriffe, whose dust was extensively used by the Spaniards, being mingled with wine, and drank for various nervous disorders, headaches, etc.

**TEACHERS' SALARIES.**—The salary of the masters of the Latin, the English High, and girls' High schools of Boston, is \$2,400 for the first year's service, with an increase of \$100 for each additional year's service till the salary amounts to \$2,800. The salary of the sub-masters of the Latin and English High schools is \$2,000 a year; the salary of the usher, and of the sub-masters of the same schools is \$1,600. Several of the Unitarian and Congregationalist pastors of Boston churches receive \$4,000 a year, which is over one-third more than the head-masters of the High schools receive. The Superintendent of the Cincinnati common schools receives \$1,500 a year, as also do the principals of the two High schools—the Woodward and the Hughes. The principal teachers of the Cincinnati common schools receive \$1,000 a year; and the first assistants \$750 a year. The average salary of the male teachers of the common schools of the state of Ohio is not more than \$90 a quarter; that of the female teachers about \$50 a quarter. But few teach over three quarters, that is, nine months in the year; so that the annual income of the Ohio male common school teacher is only \$270, and of the female teacher \$150.

## Literary Notices.

## NEW BOOKS.

**ANNALS OF CHRISTIAN MARTYRDOM.** New York: Carlton & Porter. 1857. 12mo., 407 pp.—We take pleasure in recommending this book to a wide circulation. It is a brief but faithful record of what men have suffered in different ages for the cause of Christ. It should be found in every Sunday school and every family library.

**BRIEF RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. G. W. WALKER,** by Rev. M. P. Gaddis, is now on sale. We wish to add to our former notice, that it is lifelike and truthful in its delineation of the character of a good man, and also that it is accompanied by a *real* likeness of its subject.

**PARLOR DRAMAS; OR, DRAMATIC SCENES FOR HOME AMUSEMENT.** By William B. Foulde. Boston: Morris Cotton. 1857. 12mo., 312 pp.—The subjects are, Woman's Rights; Country Cousins; The Will; The Fugitive Slave; The Pedant; Love at Sight; William Tell; The Counterplot; The Well of St. Keyne; The Oddity; The Tables Turned; The Double Ghost; The Tea-Party; The Tear; The Jesuit in America.

**WORDS OF CHRIST.** By Harmon Kingsbury. New York: Calkins & Stiles.—This is a beautiful—not with reference to style, but matter—little volume, embodying all the recorded sayings of Christ.

From our Sunday School Union the following books have been issued:

1. Ellen and Sarah; or, The Samplers, and other stories.
2. Faithful Nicolette; or, The French Nurse. By Mrs. Sarah A. Myers.
3. A Swarm of B's; or, Little Children's Duties Explained, in six charming stories.

**VILLAS AND COTTAGES. A Series of Designs Prepared for Execution in the United States.** By Calvert Vaux, Architect—late Downing & Vaux—Newbury, on the Hudson. Illustrated by 300 Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.—If any man has a house to build, or to improve, we recommend this book to his attention. It often costs no more to build from a good plan, securing convenience, symmetry, and beauty, than from a defective plan. In this work the reader has under his eye a great variety of plans, drawn with a skill that is the fruit of large experience and observation; and an hour's examination puts him in possession of the fruits of that observation, and of all that he needs to perfect his plans for his own convenience. The book also, as an artistic performance, is worthy of all praise.

**ABOUT RIGHT AND WRONG** has been added to that charming series of Picture Books for the nursery, published by the Harpers, and for sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

The following new books, from our Book Concern in New York, have just been received, and are on sale:

**THE ITINERANT SIDE; or, Pictures of Life in the Slavery.** 12mo., 268 pp.

**THE OBJECT OF LIFE; a Narrative, illustrating the In-**

**efficiency of the World, and the Sufficiency of Christ.** 12mo., 357 pp.

## PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE annual reports of the Missionary, Sunday School, and Tract Societies, make a sturdy octavo pamphlet of 348 pages. These combined reports are not only convenient for preservation and use, but happily represent the three great combined benevolent enterprises of the Church. We hope no minister will fail to possess himself of these important documents. Their wide circulation among the membership of the Church would promote these benevolent collections immensely.

THE London Quarterly Review for January contains, 1. History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire; 2. Forms and their Portraits; 3. Homer and his Successors in Epic Poetry; 4. Rats; 5. Salmon Fishing, Breeding, and Legislation; 6. Lord Raglan; 7. Life of Sir Charles Napier; 8. Prospects Political and Financial.

Blackwood for February contains, The War in Asia; Scenes in Clerical Life; Ticket of Leave—a Letter to Ireneus; The Athelings; From Peru and Bucharest; Letters from a Light-House, No. 1; Lord St. Leonards.

The above are published by L. Scott & Co., of New York city, \$3 each a year, or \$5 for the two. For the four quarterlies and Blackwood, \$10; and the reader will find the money profitably invested.

THE London Quarterly Review is the grand literary organ of the Wesleyans in England. Its articles are rarely, if ever, commonplace, and most of them are of rare ability. We have from the beginning placed this among the first of English reviews. The contents of the January number are, 1. Revelations of the Microscope; 2. Hours with the Mystics; 3. Modern School-Books; 4. Vagabond Life in Mexico; 5. City and Town Missions; 6. Emerson's English Traits; 7. Trench on New Testament Synonyms; 8. American Agriculture; 9. The Pulpit—Professor Butler's Sermons; 10. Gothic Art—John Ruskin; 11. Human Longevity; 12. Our Youth—their Culture and Education; 13. Brief Literary Notices. No less than three of the books here reviewed are American.

THE following pamphlets have been received:

Twelfth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools, in Rhode Island, made to the General Assembly, at its January Session, A. D. 1857. By Robert Allyn, Commissioner of Public Schools.

Stockton's Book and Journal for March. Philadelphia: T. H. Stockton, publisher. Price, \$1 per annum.

An Introductory Lecture to the Class of the Ohio College of Dental Surgery; Session of 1856-7. By C. B. Chapman, A. M., M. D.

Minutes of the Ohio Baptist Convention, at its thirty-first Anniversary, held in Columbus, October, 1856.

METHODIST GENERAL BIBLICAL INSTITUTE—Tenth annual catalogue.—Rev. Bishop O. C. Baker, D. D., President; Rev. Drs. S. M. Vail, J. W. Merrill, and D. Patten, professors. Students, 72.

MINUTES OF UPPER IOWA CONFERENCE.



## Notes and Queries.

**ORIGIN OF "SUCKER" AS APPLIED TO THE CITIZENS OF ILLINOIS.—ANSWER.**—Whether the following is a correct version, we are unable to say; but it comes from a "Sucker," and, therefore, we suppose it must be about right:

The low parts, in some of the native meads in the southern portion of the state, are covered with standing water, which evaporates, and leaves a barren bed at mid-summer. The harvest-men thrust their rake or fork-stakes into these muck bottoms, and water fills the cavity made by their withdrawal, which was drank by kneeling down. The Missourians that came over to their help at these seasons tested the same beverage; but it proved an emetic to them. In derision and disgust, they gave the name "Suckers" to their neighbors, whose stomachs had become habituated to its use. The "Suckers," in retaliation, gave them the name of "Pukes." C. C. R.

**ORIGIN OF "HOOSIER" AS APPLIED TO THE CITIZENS OF INDIANA.**—We give the following on the authority of a "Hoosier." If not satisfactory, it may, at least, call forth something more to the purpose:

The origin of the term "Hoosier," as I have heard it, ran thus: Among the workers on a canal in the state was an Irishman, who styled himself King. He was constantly challenging, and, like Goliath of old, found no one who could cope with him. As he was passing up and down, bragging and swearing as usual, a man whose name was Short told him he would meet him at such time and place as he should name. The challenge was accepted, and they met, and Short, grasping Goliath by the neck and shoulders in his arms, began such a "gnawing" as he was not wont to feel, and in his struggles to extricate himself, they rolled down to the bottom of the canal, Goliath calling lustily for mercy, and Short biting "bearishly." Short ascended, the hero of the age, and being asked what should now be his name, replied, "I am a 'Hoosier,' because I can eat raw Irishmen." Poor Irish fled, a badly-bitten, if not a better man, leaving Short alone in his glory, as the "king of Hoosier."

"LABOR AND REST" is the title of the following poem, which floated into our sanctum, and lodged in our Note and Query pigeon-hole. It is founded upon the Russian Proverb, "Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past," and possesses a quaint beauty:

Two hands upon the breast,  
And labor's done;  
Two pale feet crossed in rest—  
The race is won;  
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,  
And all tears cease;  
Two lips where grief is mute,  
And wrath at peace.  
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our loss;  
God in his kindness answereth not.

Two hands to work addressed  
Aye for His praise;  
Two feet that never rest,  
Walking his ways;  
Two eyes that look above  
Still, through all tears;

Two lips that breathe but love,  
Never more fears.  
So cry we afterward, low at our knees;  
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

**SIMILAR FIGURES OF THOUGHT.**—We give a few instances. They might be multiplied, both in prose and poetry, to almost any extent.

Cowper, in his "Palace of Ice," says:

"Silently as a dream the fabric rose;  
No sound of hammer nor of saw was there,  
Ice upon ice," etc.

Milton, in "Paradise Lost," says:

"Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation."

Heber repeats the same idea:

"No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,  
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung;  
Majestic silence!"

**THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.**—We give place to the following "answer," because it gives a condensed and strong view of one side of the question, without, however, indorsing the view. Dr. Clarke attempts no decision of the question. Mr. Wesley regards "the story as a reality;" the learned Neander, as a parable. This latter view, we think, would be the impression of the common reader. But our correspondent makes a strong case:

A querist, in your March number, asks, "Is the story of the rich man and Lazarus to be regarded as a parable or a reality?" I answer, it is a narrative of facts.

1. It is in the narrative style: "There was a certain rich man," etc. I do not claim that this is conclusive, yet it is strongly presumptive; and where, as in this case, there is no indubitable counter evidence, it should be decisive.

2. Proper names are used—and it requires some stretch of credulity to believe they are fictitious. Abraham is the proper name of a well-known person. The name of Lazarus is also given. I am aware it has been said this word is used to designate the poverty and ulcerous condition of this beggar. Let us see: "A certain beggar, named a poor, ulcerous man." This will hardly do. If Christ did not mean to give his proper name, why did he call him both beggar and Lazarus? Did he apply this word to the brother of Mary and Martha, not as his proper name, but to designate him as a beggar? The authorized version begins the word with a capital, thus evincing the opinion of the translators. Proper names thus are used, but they are no part of a parable.

3. Parables symbolize general truths. Let us see how this rule will apply in this case. Did lost Jews generally leave five living brothers? or do lost sinners?—for Christ's parables apply to us as well as to them. Are rich men, as such, or as a class, lost? Are poor men saved? Do beggars, as a class, become ulcerous, and so helpless that they must be carried from place to place? Are dogs their usual physicians? Are rich men, as a class, so attentive to the poor, as to warrant the leaving of beggars at their gates, intrusted to their generosity?

Surely this is a strange parable. But viewed as a narrative, it is one of great simplicity and touching beauty.  
G. R. S.

AUREA CATENA HOMERI.—We gave, in our last, a few notes upon the celebrated "Golden Chain of Homer." We now append a few additional ones. Lord Bacon, in his "Advancement of Learning," makes a beautiful application of the Homeric Myth:

"Out of the contemplation of Nature, or ground of human knowledge, to induce any verity or persuasion concerning the points of faith, is in my judgment not safe—*Da Fidei quæ Fidei sunt*—'Give unto Faith the things that are Faith's.' For the heathens themselves conclude as much in that excellent and Divine Fable of THE GOLDEN CHAIN—that men and gods were not able to draw Jupiter down to the earth; but, contrariwise, Jupiter was able to draw them up to heaven. So we ought not to attempt to draw down or submit the mysteries of God to our reason; but contrariwise to raise and advance our reason to the Divine Truth."

To the Golden Chain of Prayer, Tennyson beautifully alludes in an exquisite passage of his *Morte d'Arthur*:

"Pray for my Soul. More things are wrought by PRAYER  
Than the World dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of Prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round Earth is every way  
Bound by Gold Chains about the Feet of God."

Lucian of Samosata, speaking of the Divine Love, says:

"It is that GOLDEN CHAIN which was let down from Heaven, and with a divine fury ravisheth our souls made to the Image of God, and stirs us up to comprehend the Innate and Incorruptible Beauty, to which we were once created."

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, gives us the following passage:

"God is Love Itself, the Fountain of Love. . . . Love is *Circulus a bono in bonum*, a round Circle still from good to good. . . . Love, saith Leo Hebraeus, made the World, and afterward, in redeeming of it, God so loved the World, that He gave His only begotten Son for it. Behold what love the Father hath shewed . . . by His sweet Providence in protecting of it . . . out of His incomparable Love and Goodness, out of His Divine Nature. And this is that HOMER'S GOLDEN CHAIN, which reacheth down from Heaven to Earth, by which every creature is annexed, and depends on his Creator. He made all, saith Moses, and it was good; and He loves it as good."

We add the following passage from the celebrated Cotton Mather:

"Nature doth not lead thee toward God by a far-fetched and winding compass, but in a short and straight line. The Sun waits upon the Rain, the Rain upon the Grass, the Grass serves the Cattle, the Cattle serve thee, and if thou serve GOD, then thou makest good the highest Link in that GOLDEN CHAIN, whereby Heaven is joined to Earth; then thou standest where thou oughtest to stand, in the uppermost round of the Divine Ladder, next to the Most High; then thou approvest thyself to be

indeed what thou wert designed by God to be, the High Priest and Orator of the Universe; because thou alone, among all the creatures here below, art endowed with Understanding to know Him, and Speech to express thy knowledge of Him, in thy praises and prayers to Him."

EPITAPH FOR A LAWYER.—The following quaint epitaph was copied from a tombstone, in Surinbridge Church:

"1658.

"JOHN ROSIER, attorney of ye Common Bench. Aunient of Lyon's Inn.

"Loe with a warrant seal'd by God's decree,  
Death his grim serjeant has arrested mee,  
No Bayle was to be giuen, no laue could saue  
My body from ye prison of ye graue:  
Yet by the Gospell, my poore soule had got  
A Supersedeas; and Death seild it not;  
And for my downcast bodye, here it lyes,  
A Prisoner of hope it shall arise.  
Fayth doth assure mee, God of His great lous  
In Christ, shall send a Writ for my remove:  
And sett my bodye, as my soule is, free  
With Christ to dwell. Come glorious liberty."

EPITAPH ON STERNHOLD OAKES.—"The late Sternhold Oakes was rather eccentric, and offered a reward for the best epitaph for his grave. Several tried for the prize, but they flattered him too much he thought. At last he tried himself, and the following was the result:

"Here lies the body of Sternhold Oakes,  
Who lived and died like other folks."

That was satisfactory, and the old gentleman claimed the reward; which, as he had the paying of it himself, was of course allowed."

THE SENSE OF PRE-EXISTENCE.—That curious phenomenon in mental psychology, denominated, by Sir Walter Scott, "a sense of pre-existence," has elicited some interesting items from a recent English writer. We subjoin a few of them. The first is from Sir Walter Scott himself. He says:

"How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new."

Sir E. B. Lytton, speaking of this feeling of reminiscence, describes it as "that strange kind of inner and spiritual memory, which often recalls to us places and persons we have never seen before, and which Platonists would resolve to be the unquenched and struggling consciousness of a former life."

It is probable that Milton refers to this same feeling in those exquisite lines in *Comus*:

"The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Embodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being.  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchers,  
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it loved."

This curious mental phenomenon, instead of being taken as evidence of "the pre-existence of the soul," may, no doubt, be accounted for on psychological principles. Dr. Wigan, in his work on the Duality of the Mind, suggests that it proceeds "from some incongruous action of the double structure of the brain," to which perfect unity of action belongs in a healthy state.

## Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

**A CRAZY MAN IN CHURCH.**—We clip the following incident from the Autobiography of Jacob Young, just passing through the press of the Western Book Concern. It relates to Rev. Mr. Hamilton, one of the old pioneer preachers of the west:

"He was one day preaching near the mouth of Little Kanawha, in Tavenor's meeting-house, to a large congregation; and, I suppose, was bearing heavy upon certain vices prevailing in that country. There was a crazy man sitting in the congregation. Just at the time the preacher and people became highly excited, the crazy man rose to his feet, crying, 'Tom Tavenor, he means you.' Tavenor shook his head sternly, and the crazy man sat down; but in a short time he was on his feet again, and cried out, 'He certainly means you, Tom Tavenor.' The appearance of the crazy man, and his earnest manner, operated on the risibles of the preacher and his audience; and, unfortunately for the preacher, a little dog in the aisle, looking up at him, began to bark. The eccentric Rease Wolf laid hold of the dog, saying, 'You little rascal, will you tree the preacher?' and threw it out of the door. By this time Hamilton was entirely overcome, and broke out in a loud laugh, and there was a general roar throughout the congregation. Hamilton grasped his saddle-bags and ran, mounted his horse, and rode away, deeply mortified."

**HOGARTH AND THE END OF ALL THINGS.**—A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most useful ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled a Tail-Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.

"My next undertaking," says Hogarth, "shall be the End of all Things."

"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished; for there will be an end to the painter."

"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which denotes the end of all things—a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump, the but-end of an old firelock, a cracked bell, a bow unstrung, a crown tumbling in pieces, towers in ruins, the sign-post of a tavern, called World's End, tumbling, the moon in her wane, the map of the globe burning, a gibbet falling, the body gone and chains which held it falling down, Phœbus and his horse dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked, Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, a play-book open with "exeat omnes" stamped in the corner, an empty purse, and a statue of bankruptcy taken against nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth, "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken!

"Finis!" exclaimed Hogarth; "the deed is done; all is over!"

It is a remarkable and well-known fact that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died in a year after he finished this extraordinary Tail-Piece.

**WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH.**—Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny face of prosperity, and all the good that is in him melts like fresh butter in the dog-days; but kick him round, and he gathers strength at every revolution, till it grows to an avalanche.

**THE FOP DAGUERREOTYPED.**—The following portraiture is so true to life, that there is no mistaking the character drawn.

"The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking-stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt; but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailors' bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles; but it is evident that the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heel. Nevertheless such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of materials to put five dollars' worth of beaver on five cents' worth of brains."

**UNSANCTIFIED WEALTH.**—The rust of wealth, St. James says, is a witness against the possessor; not only an outward testimony, but it devours and gnaws the conscience as fire. Who would lie down at night under these blights, and call to mind the denied applications of the day?

**FOOTE AND A FIDDLER.**—Foote, being once annoyed by a poor fiddler, "straining harsh discord" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scraper* at the door was sufficient.

**AN ARTIST IN A STORM.**—Vernet was on board a ship in the midst of a raging tempest, and all hope was given up; the astonished captain beheld the artist of genius, his pencil in his hand, in calm enthusiasm, sketching the terrible world of waters—studying the wave that was rising to devour him.

**DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CLOCK AND A WOMAN.**—Fontenelle, being asked one day, by a lord waiting at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied: "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

**HOOKE'S CHOICE.**—A wise man, as well as witty, was Theodore Hook, when he told the alderman, who had already surfeited him, and yet pressed him to partake of still another course, "I thank you; but if it's the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."



## Sideboard for Children.

To give as much space as possible for these little gems, we shall omit most of our notes.

Perhaps mothers would do well to ponder the following:

I had early accustomed my children to kneel at my side on retiring for the night, and with clasped hands and closed eyes repeat their little prayers. A short time ago I was led, through some remarks of our minister, to take up family worship, without, however, breaking up their usual method. One night Lizzie, the youngest, said:

"Mamma, do you say little prayers when we have big prayers?"

"Yes, my child."

"Does papa say prayers with you?"

"No, dear."

"O, is n't that wicked?"

"No," answered her sister, some two years older, quite indignantly, "papa is n't wicked; he do n't know how to pray."

Her warmth silenced Lizzie for the time; but soon after, when we were alone together, she said:

"I wonder why papa's mother did not teach him to pray? Mamma, I will teach him to say, 'Now I lay me,' etc."

THANKS to our Brooklyn contributor for the two following items:

"Do you know that you was only dust once?" said one little fellow to another, as they two went scuffling through the middle of a dusty street.

"Yes, sir-ee," answered Master Five-years-old, "I know that; and I wonder whose eyes I was flying into then, like this flying dust is into mine!" A. M.

An old man—a Christian in his second childhood—who was somewhat given to playfulness, was on one occasion rather sharply rebuked by his wife.

"I'm ashamed of you, husband," said the old lady, guiltless of one suspicion that she herself was in her dotage. "Why, you talk foolish; you really have become just like a child."

"Then I am fit for the kingdom of heaven," was the old man's meek and beautiful reply. A. M.

We give the following as avant couriers:

Frank L. was a bright-eyed little boy of two and one-half years old. One day his mother requested him to bring her a few sticks of wood from the yard. There was a thunder-shower approaching, and just as the little fellow was stooping to pick up the wood, a deafening peal of thunder broke overhead, and its startling echoes reverberated through the heavens. Quick as thought he rushed into the house and exclaimed, "O ma, ma, the moon is tumbling down!" C. R. C.

Little Vine C. once had a brother, but he died when she was but little over a year old. Many months after, she woke up one morning, and went to her mother's bed for the customary kiss, when she was delighted to find "a new baby" on her mother's arm. She regarded it for some time in silence, yet with evident wonder and astonishment, while vague remembrances of her lost brother seemed dimly floating through her mind, and then said, seriously, "Good; I glad the boy has come." She then tenderly repeated the name of her lost brother; then shook her head doubtfully, and said, "No; Plummer dead—gone—buried up." Then again, and again repeating his name, as if uncertain whether it were he or not, while the memory of his death still returned, she could only rejoice and say, "I glad the boy has come." C. R. C.

A mother was one day enjoying a game of romps with her little three-year-old girl, sometimes chasing her flying foot through the flowers, and then tossing her up and catching her in her arms as she came down. The little one enjoyed the sport finely, and her gushing laugh told of a heart free from

gulle, as she exclaimed, with the artless simplicity of infancy, "O mother, toss me up into the sky where God is!" C. R. C.

ONE of our contributors from western New York, who "never takes a hint to stop," and to whom we shall not be likely to give such a hint, sends the following:

An aunt of mine was once telling her little son that God made every body.

"Why, ma," said he, "d'd he make Mr. S?"—a colored man near by.

"O yes," was the reply; "he made him, of course."

He looked extremely incredulous, and ran to the door, looked sharply around, and then exclaimed, triumphantly:

"He could n't; where could he get the black?"

Once while teaching, I had a little class of abedarians, all bright and active but one, who used to stand listlessly among the others with his eyes half-closed, and who never was known to answer a question asked till long after the rest had done so. One day I was hearing them recite the names of the states in their customary order. They had proceeded as far as New York, and were unable to remember the next.

"New ———," said J., suggestively.

"I know, theodismarm," called out eagerly my little pupil. I never saw such a change in any one. His usually dull eyes were fairly leaping with delight, as he stretched himself up to his full height, and shouted out, "Ith the New Jerudhalem!"

AMANDA.

A BROTHER sends a new theory of "day and night:"

Our little Annie, who has associated in her mind the coming of daylight with the crowing of our old Shanghai, was leaning on my knee the other evening, answering some questions, and among the rest the following:

"What makes it night?"

She gravely answered, "The sun going down makes night."

"And what makes morning?"

With a merry twinkle of her black eyes she said:

"The old rooder!"

A. T. F.

A BROTHER minister of the New York East conference gives the following on "the burial of the last man"—a question that has often stirred the imagination of childhood:

A friend of mine has a little girl, who is the author of the following:

"Ma," said little Ella, "our minister said to-day that all men must die. I wonder who will bury that last man? I guess God will have to do that."

Again: when standing at the window before sunrise, and asking her aunt why the sun did not rise, said:

"I guess God is fixing it."

If you think Ella's sayings worthy of a place in your beautiful Repository, you are welcome to the use of them. D. W.

A LARGE number of witty and wise sayings have been kindly furnished for this department. A page is all we can give to it; so our friends must have patience. Nor must they think it strange if some of them are laid aside for want of space. We must close with a little gem, which will appeal to bereaved hearts:

"LITTLE GRAVES.

There's many an empty cradle,  
There's many a vacant bed,  
There's many a lonesome bosom,  
Whose joy and light is fled;  
For thick in every graveyard  
The little hillocks lie—  
And every hillock represents  
An angel in the sky."

## Editor's Table.

**CURRENT COMMENTS.**—Our running notes must be compressed within the least possible space this month. Our readers will perceive that we have made some modifications in "making up" the Editor's Repository. The Literary Correspondence, which has been specially provided for, is a new feature of the work, and one that will, we trust, prove greatly acceptable to our readers. Our correspondent from London appears for the first time in this number. His letter has encountered an untoward delay, but that does not detract from its interest; and we bespeak for it the attention of the reader. It will abundantly repay a perusal. We hope soon to have his letters with monthly regularity.

Mr. Wesley once inquired, "Have we not leaned too much toward Calvinism?" and answered that he thought they had. It will be seen in our "Excerpta," that a good brother thinks that *we*—namely, we, editor—lean too much toward Arminianism. We confess leaning very much toward Methodism; but that we can be Methodist, and yet retain a generous appreciation of what is good and great, even among Calvinists, the articles on Roger Williams and John Calvin will abundantly show.

**"SOLDIER'S MONUMENT."**—The scenes of our Revolutionary history—the places where American patriots suffered and died in the cause of liberty, must be fondly cherished by every lover of his country. To perpetuate the memory of such a scene the "Soldier's Monument" was erected; and for the same end it has been engraved and presented to our readers. An interesting account of the locality, and its historical reminiscences, will be found in the article on "The graves of Milford."

**LAKE COMO** is the name of a celebrated sheet of water in north Italy. It is described by geographers as very irregularly shaped, being divided, by the triangular-district which has Bellagio at its apex, into three great arms, one of which stretches from Bellagio south-west to Como, another north to Riva and Novate, near the mouth of the Maria river, and a third north-east to Lecco, and the outlet of the Adda. These divisions of the Lake are sometimes called, from the chief towns on their banks, the Lakes of Como, Bellagio, and Lecco. Its greatest length, following its windings, may be about forty five miles; but it is no where above four miles in width. The depth is said to vary from forty to six hundred feet. It receives the waters of the Upper Adda, and several other rivers; but its only outlet is the Lower Adda. Owing to the great height of the surrounding mountains, which expose it to sudden squalls, and the influence of currents, its navigation is rather dangerous to sailing vessels; but steamers traverse it in all directions with ease and expedition. The climate round the Lake is mild and delightful; and, except on its more northern part, near the mouth of the Upper Adda, its banks are remarkably healthy. Throughout its whole extent its banks are formed of precipitous mountains, from two thousand to three thousand feet high; in some places overhanging the water, and in others partially clothed with wood, and studded with hamlets, cottages, villas, chapels, and convents.

The city of Como is situated at the south-west extrem-

ity of the Lake. It is supposed to have been founded by the ancient Orobii. Its antiquity may be inferred from the fact that it was taken by the Romans, 196 B. C. Julius Caesar also planted a colony of Greeks here. At one period it was one of the principal seats of the Inquisition. The younger Pliny had several villas on the border of this Lake. One of them stood upon a high commanding a splendid view of the scenery; another upon its very edge; so that he could throw his lines and fish from the bedrooms—a very lazy way of sporting, this! All modern efforts to identify the sites of these villas have proved unsuccessful. Pliny was a native of Como, and in front of the Cathedral his statue stands, with a bas-relief alluding to his writings; and an inscription to his honor on each side the grand entrance. In one of the squares a monument is erected in honor of Volta, also a native of this city. This town is surrounded by an amphitheater of hills, and encircled by double walls.

The scenery on this Lake is among the boldest and grandest in Europe. We subjoin a descriptive fragment from "Sketches of Italy." Speaking of the view near Bellagio, the author says:

"The upper waters are there seen winding up to the very foot of the higher chain of the Alps, and terminating within a short distance of the terrific pass of the Splügen; the loftier hills that border the Lake of Lecco rise on one side, and on the other the wider expanse of the lower lake retires behind the beautiful foreground, rocks, and hanging woods from the point of Bellagio; with numbers of trading boats gliding under the broad reflection of the gigantic mountains, their white sails occasionally gleaming in the sunshine, and several little villages scattered along the shores."

Our engraving is from a German print, the drawing of which was taken upon the spot, by an artist of note.

**ON DECLINING CONTRIBUTIONS.**—One of the most unpleasant duties in our editorial labor, is comprised under the head of "Articles Declined." Their rejection, we know, must cause disappointment and pain to their authors; and we would gladly avoid inflicting the least pain on a living creature. Again, many of them originate in a sincere desire to be useful, and we can not without pain obill such a desire. Some of them proceed from a laudable literary ambition, and that we would nurture rather than repress. Still others spring from a love of literature and of the beautiful in nature and in art; and gladly would we open up a highway for the culture of such a sentiment.

But, then, we have no alternative. From a huge mass we can only select such as are most suitable to our pages, and will be most likely to interest and instruct our readers. To be "critic" is not our choice, but our necessity. We may sometimes err in our judgment in these decisions; but, after all, defective as it may be, we are compelled to follow its dictates.

A cotemporary beautifully says: "Settle it in your mind, kind reader, never to condemn an editor for rejecting an article you may send him. If he thinks well of it, he will be sure to publish it, and thank you. If he does not give it a place, be sure either his judgment or

yours, in respect to its value, is at fault. Sometimes respect for the writer induces us to withhold his communication. We have so many excellent writers that we can not afford to publish matter that is not well prepared."

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—We respectfully decline the publication of the following articles: "At Jesus' Feet;" "Alone in Prayer;" "To the Bereaved Parents;" "A Father's Advice to his Son;" "The Shortness of Time;" "The Weak disappearing before the Strong;" "Heaven," will hardly do, yet almost. The author of "Spirit Yearnings," and also of "Do they Miss me?" must try again. "Portage and its Scenery" has some very good parts, but would require too much revision. "To —," "who," it is said in a note, "while living, was numbered among the excellent of earth," would be admitted gladly, but its merits as a composition will hardly warrant it. Many thanks for the kind welcome of "The Stranger" to the fireside; but we can hardly admit him here. There are some good things in "I'll Love no More;" but on the whole it is hardly admissible. "Lines on the Death of —" we can not use. "Rhapsody," says our critic, is too rhapsodic; and of "Why not Dress Better," that it is not of sufficient merit for the Repository. "The Dying Girl's Last Wish," he says, will not do, and recommends that the author read much and cultivate her taste. Of the author of "The Old Homestead," he says she has poetry, but needs study and practice. He says there is too much of "Death is Near," but that parts of it would do.

**TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.**—It will sometimes happen, even in "the best-regulated families," that errors of the pen or of the types will occur, and, having occurred, will escape the keen eyes, even though they number two or three pairs, which scrutinize their words and ways. We are led to this remark by noticing that "Leigh Richmond" occurs in our last number, where "Leigh Hunt" should have been written.

**CALLS ABROAD.**—We regret that our office duties leave us so little time to meet the calls for ministerial aid abroad; but such is the case. We have probably averaged a sermon a Sabbath since we have occupied our present post; and yet have been able to respond to only a small portion of the calls made upon us. Had we our own choice, "the rural districts" would hear from us far more frequently than they now do, and all the more so, as when in the city, the pastor is generally "thrown out of employment" to give us a chance. But a trip to the country invariably consumes two half days, and not unfrequently two whole days of the week; and this, in the present crowded state of our office duties, is a luxury in which we can not often indulge.

**COMMENDATORY NOTES.**—Of the host—almost without number—of kind notes of sympathy and commendation, received from the friends of the Repository, we rarely make extract or mention. This has led to a mistaken idea on the part of some. We wish now to say to our friends that these little expressions, if not reproduced in the Repository, are not without their grateful return. Kind words not only sweeten toil, but are often an antidote to the words of those to whom interest or prejudice has given a different disposition.

**EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.**—We make the following excerpt, not so much because it is complimentary to this magazine, as to give ourself the opportunity of

acknowledging our indebtedness to our fair and eminently successful coadjutor in the Pacific region. Many ministers' wives have done nobly in extending the circulation of the Repository; but we risk little in saying to Mrs. Mary A. Merchant, of Sacramento, California, "Thou excellest them all." We send you our thanks and our greetings, dear sister. In a few months hence, we intend, if Providence permit, to inquire how many in the Atlantic states will go and do likewise. The letter to which we refer is from Rev. E. Merchant, and is dated Sacramento, California, March 4, 1857. He says: "We received the Ladies' Repository for February yesterday, and read it with great pleasure. There is no publication from the Atlantic side more highly prized in our house. I am happy to inform you that my wife has given the most substantial evidence of her appreciation of this most valuable monthly in procuring one hundred and twenty subscribers for the present volume. We both agreed, last night, that 'The Intimate Friend,' by Mrs. Gardner, is worth at least half the price of the whole volume." ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY SUBSCRIBERS! Does not Mrs. Merchant bear the banner for the present year?

By way of contrast, we excerpt the following. The writer signs himself "Rev." We are sorry his reverence had not read the Repository before he pronounced judgment upon it. He should leave "first principles," and "go on unto perfection;" and to help him clear away the mists of bigotry we shall continue the Repository. In his note—we copy verbatim—to the editor, he says:

"Sir this periodical hath found its way into my family for some eight or ten months past: it is sent to my daughter. Who authorized the Editor or any Person connected with the establishment to send this publication here I know not; but the Editor may understand and know for certain that it has been a matter of great grief to me to have my daughter so much conversant with Arminianism. Myself hath no sympathy for Arminian principles.

"You may perhaps ask, am I acquainted with the Repository? I have read the opinions of the Press. And that is nearly all the acquaintance I have with it. You say it is not sectarian: but if a man has imbibed Arminian principles, he will certainly not teach Calvinistic principles. Well in the judgment of the writer the negation is faulty. But I suppose I have said near about enough; it is no use for me to begin to philosophize on the moral tendency of first principles in the case before us; it is no use to talk; for who does not know, if the fountain be Arminian, so will be the stream? With those presents I return to you the March Number of the Repository, hoping that they will come safe to hand before you have issued your next number, it will then be Superseded."

To what denomination the writer of the above belongs we have no means of determining. But we are happy to know that he is not an exponent of any Christian denomination. Bigotry is the exception, catholicity the rule. To our knowledge, not a few Christian ministers of Churches usually designated Calvinistic, encourage the circulation of the Repository, as a literary and religious family magazine, among their people. To the wives of several Presbyterian preachers we are largely indebted. Accidentally meeting a clergyman of this denomination in the cars, not long since, he informed us that his wife had been a subscriber three years, and this year he had recommended it to his people, who were now taking quite a number of copies. This is true Christian catholicity.







James Smilie

MAD RIVER, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, O.

H. N. Frankenshaw









Holwell, Painter—Engraved expressly for the Ladies Repository by F. E. Jones.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT